

*THE LOG*  
*OF THE*  
*SCHOONER CHANCE*

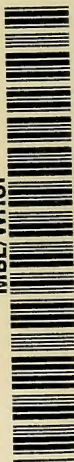
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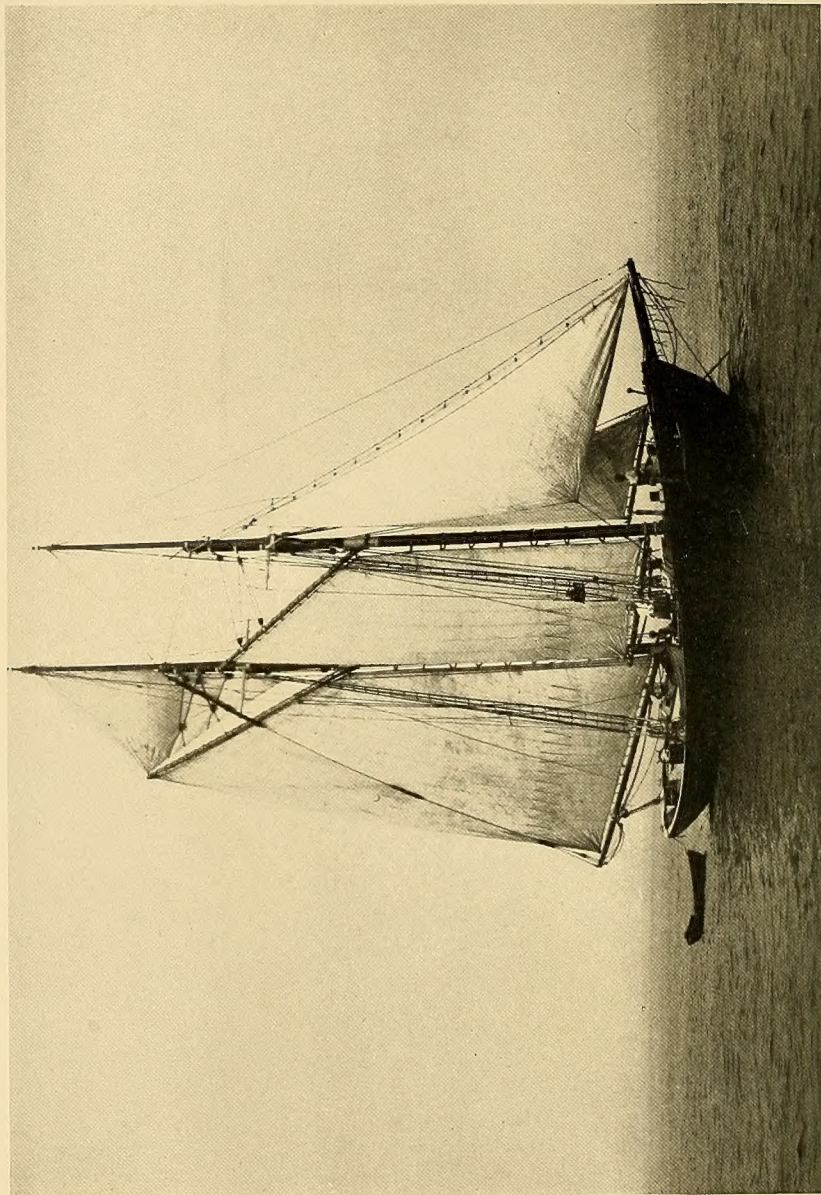
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SCHOONER CHANCE

*THE LOG*  
*OF THE*  
*SCHOONER CHANCE*

FROM THE PORT OF  
NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., TO BOSTON, MASS.  
VIA CAPE CHIDLEY, LABRADOR  
JULY THIRD TO SEPTEMBER  
TWENTY-SIXTH, 1926

BY  
COLUMBUS ISELIN II

PRIVATELY PRINTED AT  
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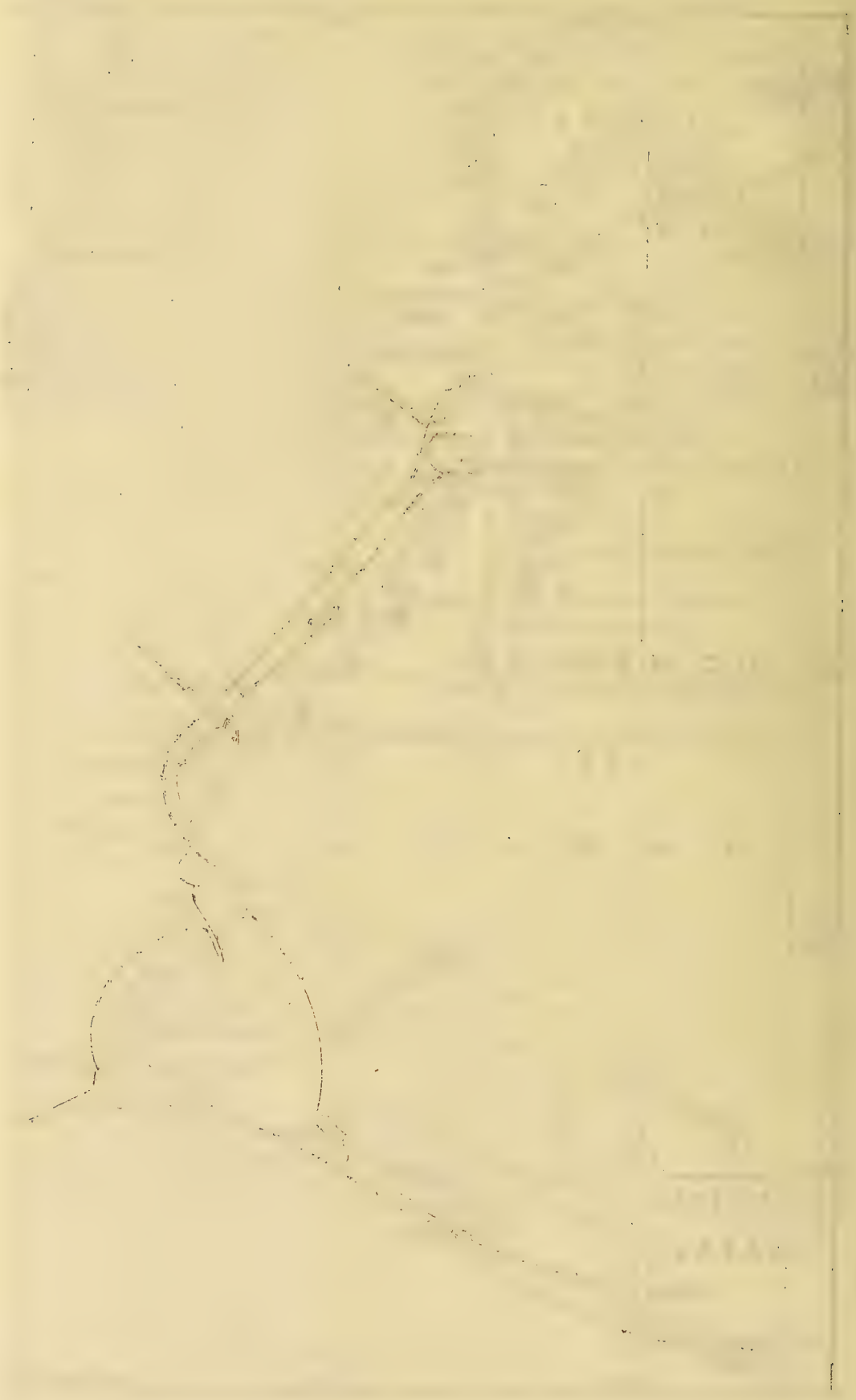
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## SHIP'S COMPANY

<i>Name</i>	<i>Rank</i>	<i>Age</i>	<i>Remarks, Casualties, etc.</i>
Columbus Iselin, II	Captain	21	Skipper
Terence Keogh	Mate	20	A Half-wit Irishman
Robert Jordan	Engineer	21	Does not like Rolled Oats or Tomatoes
John B. Shears	Cook	32	Deaf
Oliver Ames	Crew	21	A Norwegian as strong as four horses
John Churchill		22	That hard boiled engineer
John Knowlton		22	At least he is small
Bart Hayes		21	Uses no clothes
Robert Woodworth		23	The brains of the party, always busy









## FOREWORD

THE following pages contain a copy of my diary as written during the summer of 1926. Since at the time I had no idea that it ever would be printed, I took little trouble with the style and grammar. In general each day was written up just before "turning in" for the night and too often anything that came into my head was put down just to fill the page. I can well remember my cabin mates turning their faces towards the inside of their bunk and politely saying that my light would not keep them awake, but I am perfectly sure that neither of them ever got to sleep before the scratching of my pen had stopped and a final blow had extinguished the small oil lamp. They deserve the highest praise as there is nothing more annoying than somebody puttering around the cabin of a small boat when you are doing your best to get to sleep, especially when he is so foolish as to be writing a diary.

A word about the schooner herself might be appropriate. She was built last winter in Shelburne, Nova Scotia, by W. C. McKay and Sons, who make a business of building fishing-schooners for local use. They deserve much praise, not only for building so quickly, but also for producing such a stout, able boat. The "Chance" is a typical product of Nova Scotia, long and low, but with plenty of draft and a good turn of speed. Her dimensions are, length, 77 feet on deck, beam 16 feet, and draft 11 feet 6 inches. Her displacement is only 37 tons. We used a 40 horse-power Lathrop gasoline engine for our auxiliary and this was geared directly to the deck winch by which our 400 fathoms of wire could be lowered and raised. A more sea-worthy little boat could hardly be made.

The object of the trip was first, to secure data on the upper part of the Labrador current and second, to find out as much as possible about the fauna and flora of the Torngat region of Labrador. The advisor of the expedition was Dr. Henry Bigelow of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard. He not only supplied us with

instruments and showed us how to use them, but also gave us valuable advice in all our preparations. As yet it is hard to say exactly what was accomplished. Some forty oceanographic stations were made. Unfortunately not more than twenty-five of these were in the Labrador current itself, so that in this phase of our work we found out just enough to wish we knew more. However, a fairly complete picture of the water conditions in White Bay, Newfoundland, was secured and the two widely separated sections of the Labrador current show that warm water lays closer to the coast than had been previously thought and the strength of the current itself is not inshore, but about fifty miles out. The other branches of our work were perhaps more satisfactory. The many bottles of plankton collected give a fairly complete picture of the microscopic life in the waters of this region. The tank of salmon and char have been examined by Dr. Kendall of the Bureau of Fisheries and he seems satisfied that something has been added to our knowledge of the distribution of the larger fish in the northern streams. Collections of cod were also made from time to time during the summer and these are of interest as previously nothing had been known about the kind of cod caught north of Cape Mugford. And finally, but not by any means least, the collection of plants and flowers has shown the presence of new forms, and extends the range of forms already known into a corner of the world previously unexplored.

To my mind the most important single result of all our work was not connected with our scientific observations. We proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that it is possible to carry out serious investigation in the ocean in a small boat. The "Chance" could be made to lay almost still during the difficult process of taking subsurface temperatures and soundings, or by the proper trimming of the sails we could tow plankton nets at any desired speed. Previously oceanographic work has only been accomplished at great expense both because of the use of large boats and because of professional crews. In the "Chance," because of the design of the boat, we were



able to get along perfectly with five men. When, after a particularly hard day's work, we needed sleep, the schooner could be hove to and sailing forgotten until the first man woke up. Again, in a small boat the investigator is in such close contact with the ocean that he gets a very much better chance of studying it than from the deck of a large steamer. That a small boat is as safe at sea in a storm has been shown time and again.

Something must be said of the fellows who stood the watches, tramped up the rivers, and carried the packs. A finer lot would be hard to find. Woodworth, a second year graduate student, did the collecting of the plants and flowers. His work was done for Professor Fernald of the Gray Herbarium, who is a specialist in the flora of Newfoundland and Labrador. Jordan and Churchill were in charge of the fishing and the seining. If a fish could not be made to rise to a fly, they would get it if they had to drain the pool. Hayes, a chemist of some experience, carried out analyses of the water samples collected, and also assisted the other "oceanographers," Keogh and Knowlton. But the power that made the "wheels go round" or rather, made boats move, anchors come up, and sails turn flat, was Ames and incidentally, though I am convinced that this is relatively unimportant in work of this kind, he had as good a grounding in science as any of us. The success of any expedition is always proportional to the congeniality of its personnel. Our efforts were certainly not hampered on this score. I only hope that my former ship-mates, if they read over this account and are reminded of their days on the "Chance," will forgive me for those mornings when I arose from my bunk with the cry of "Breakfast!" ringing in my ears and made myself so very unpleasant during that most difficult part of the day when Jack was apt to place before you rolled oats and toast.

COLUMBUS ISELIN II

New York  
January, 1927

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# THE LOG OF THE SCHOONER CHANCE

Saturday, July 3rd, 1926	{	Position	Off New Rochelle
		Weather	Warm
		Wind	Calm

AFTER a very hot day during which at least thirty people including a great number of children visited the schooner, we succeeded in getting under way at about nine o'clock. Woody and Bob had been busy all yesterday putting gear aboard. Churchill arrived this morning, and Bart and John with his family got to the house after lunch having been lost in the fog all morning on the New Bedford boat. During the afternoon all hands except Woody, who raced with Sister, were at work trying to find space for the hundred and one things which were found at the last minute. A photographer also came in an elaborate motor-boat and took pictures of the "Chance" with all sail set (at anchor). We all had a swim and then a very pleasant dinner. Just before dark the crew went on board in the "Evinrude" while Helma brought me and the family out in the "Helvetia." Grandpa and Grandma and a good number of aunts were on hand to see us off. We got the anchor up in no time and in a flat calm went off under power. Father and Mother followed for a while but just about dark turned back with much hand waving and goodbyes. It was wonderful to get started but three months is a long time to be away from home.

There followed a typical Long Island Sound night, not a breath of air and a heavy fog. After getting by Eaton's Neck safely I went to bed feeling reasonably safe. Our course was to the south of the

usual Sound steamer's track. We only heard three during the night. We cut a pack of cards for the order of the watches. Terry and Woody came first, then John and Church followed by Bob and Bart, while Olly and I did not have to go on until eight in the morning.

Sunday, July 4th	{	Position	New London to Cape Cod
		Weather	Clear
		Wind	Light Southeasterly

EIGHT o'clock found us in the neighborhood of Cornfield Light still in a light fog which slight northerly puffs were fast scattering. Black Point and New London came into view. Until lunch time we had nothing which even slightly resembled a breeze of wind. Steady motoring all the way from New Rochelle. When we were a little past Point Judith a light easterly gave us a few hours of quiet and since it gradually became southeast we were able to slide all the way to Vineyard Haven Lightship before starting the "sand pounder" again.

After supper we sat on deck with Woody playing his banjo and Bart and Johnny singing. We could watch the fireworks at New Bedford as we passed Quick's Hole. At midnight when I came on watch we were just abeam of West Chop. All night we pounded along sitting on deck smoking with ridiculously little clothing on for night sailing. By six o'clock the log was streamed and we headed east  $\frac{3}{4}$  north for Cape Sable still with no wind.

The day has been enlivened by the setting off of fire-crackers in various bunks of the fore-castle. It is reported that Jordan got out of his in remarkably quick time. Terry only regrets that he used such a long fuse. Just about dark a "rum chaser" without lights came nosing around and we gave him a display of "Roman Candles." This seemed to satisfy him and I think it might be a good stunt for rum-runners to always keep a few handy.



Going over the shoals, the weather was delightful, flat as a table, calm, warm, and a moon. Terry keeps wondering why we brought the sails. So far they have been a great nuisance.

Monday, July 5th	{	Position	<i>Crossing the Gulf of Maine</i>
		Weather	<i>Clear</i>
		Wind	<i>Calm to strong southerly</i>

A MOST discouraging day as far as wind goes but wonderful weather. All morning light easterly breezes played around on a beautiful flat sea. The sun was warm and the sky blue. We sat around the deck reading, sleeping. Bart, who is now named the "Sun God," burnt himself lobster red. The monotony of barging along under power was only broken twice when Bob insisted on stopping the engine to oil it.

In the afternoon somebody thought of the black-fish we might see tomorrow and for a while everybody was busy sharpening harpoons and thinking of the best means of capturing one of the beasts. The irons Dr. Bigelow gave us seem pretty formidable.

About five o'clock a light SE wind sprang up and we were able to stop the motor and slide quietly along under all sail. After supper the wind picked up a bit and we were soon making four knots.

John felt a bit sick after supper so we split up his watch among Terry, Woody and Knowlton. About two o'clock the peak had another tremendous celebration. Several more fire-crackers went off in people's bunks and a railroad flare was stuck into the table by Terry. This seemed to have upset Bob as he soon began to crawl in his sleep right into John's bunk. It is reported that Terry slept the rest of the night with another flare in his hand all ready to light should anyone molest him.

By four o'clock we were making a good seven knots in smooth water.

<i>Tuesday, July 6th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Nearing Cape Sable</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Cloudy and colder</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Southerly</i>

THE day began cloudy and cold. We were soon forced to light the stove in the after cabin. Woolen mits and caps were in order most of the day. After breakfast we logged  $8\frac{7}{8}$  miles for two consecutive hours under all sail. The sea remained smooth and the wind southeast.

At three o'clock land was sighted on the port bow but per usual Cape Sable soon disappeared in a fog bank. Meanwhile the wind had let up so that we were only doing five knots and the sun succeeded in getting through some rifts in the clouds. We sighted some of the long thin motor boats used by the natives in these parts for fishing. About six Brazil Rock whistler came into sight most unexpectedly. We had run 225 miles and picked up the buoy our course was laid to. The visibility was about 5 miles.

About midnight a rain squall killed the wind and the staysail had to come down and the engine started. Bob pulled a masterpiece by priming it with water and "fetched" the whole crew by swearing when it would not start. Meanwhile the sea was very lumpy and the usual fight with swinging booms lasted for the next four hours.

We ran under power in a thick fog until about five when a northerly cleared things off and gave us about 5 knots. We changed the course to bring us in nearer the coast.

<i>Wednesday, July 7th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Off Halifax</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Hazy</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Light southerly</i>

WE loafed along all morning in a light northwest wind trying to pick up the coast. About noon the land near Halifax was sighted and after lunch we picked up the lightship. Later on we got



in a bit too near shore in the neighborhood of Egg Island. The wind slackened entirely and we were trying to work off again when just after supper the watch on deck sang out, "Thar she blows!" All hands came scrambling up on deck and there, right under our bow, was a school of small black-fish, about sixty animals in all. After talking for the last two days about what we would do, of course nothing was ready. Terry, John, and Bob piled into the row-boat followed by a shower of harpoons and lines. Before they knew it they were right in the middle of the school. Several came up so close that they could be reached with an oar. It was almost ten minutes before the harpoons could be rigged and the line cleared. Meanwhile the fish had separated into three groups. Because of the sea which was very lumpy it was impossible to stand in the bow of the skiff. The harpoon was thrown four times and each time the iron slid off the animal's back. Since they had only taken one pair of oars it was impossible to get closer than about 10 feet and the pole was too light to imbed the iron. We hung around in the schooner watching and it certainly was a great sight. Because of the swell we could not see them at all part of the time, but every once in a while the pole would go flying through the air followed by a splash of the animal. They signaled for us to pick them up after about half an hour, being completely exhausted. Considering how makeshift their gear was it is just as well that they did not catch on to one. We ran all night under power.

<i>Thursday, July 8th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Off Cape Breton Island</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Very clear</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Fresh westerly</i>

WE found ourselves off White Head in the morning and ran in close to shore after stopping the engine. The day was clear with a westerly wind which gave promise of increasing. By eleven we were passing Canso. There followed a few hours of less wind

and everyone had just begun to think of washing, as the sun was warm, when suddenly the breeze came fresh from the NW. We crossed the bay to Cape Breton Island with all the wind we wanted. We even straightened out a pair of "sister-hooks" which held the tackle of the topmast runner and therefore had to take in the stay-sail. We logged as much as  $9\frac{1}{4}$  knots for over an hour in spite of the fact that it soon became rough. The tongue of the screw even set the motor spinning and the fly-wheel had to be lashed. The breeze pleased everyone and we all sat on deck greeting each puff with cheers.

We ran close to the outside shore of Cape Breton all afternoon and by evening were off Louisberg. At nine o'clock I calculated the day's run which was 142 miles, the best so far. Soon after we had taken our departure from Scatari Light the wind dropped entirely and there followed a really bad period of slatting. The "victims" were remarkably few, just the tackle which was attempting to hold the main boom steady. The rope parted like a piece of cord. At four we stopped the motor and slid along wing and wing still in very lumpy water. Olly and I had a very active time during the morning watch. We had to jibe all of a sudden. The runner was up and both booms had tackles out. As the decks were slippery it was very difficult to get footing to haul anything tight. In fact we were rolling so badly it was difficult to stand up.

Friday, July 9th	{	Position	Crossing Cabot Sound
		Weather	Calm
		Wind	Lumpy sea with light westerly

WE certainly have had bad luck with Cabot Strait. When I say the sea was lumpy the water would be smooth compared with what we had all day. The swells came from every direction and frequently a wave seemed to change its direction. The wind

was so light that it had no influence on our keeping steady. The engineering department was busy all morning cleaning the carbon out of the motor which I think we have been running too cold. The day was very clear and we were having quite an interesting race with a lumber schooner, eight miles abeam of us and on the same course, until at lunch time the engine was started and used until four o'clock, when another first-class northwester sprang up. All evening we went dashing along. Every two or three minutes about a quarter of the boom would dip in the water when she gave an extra heavy roll. After supper Bob and Terry furled the topsail and the outside jib was taken in. We continued under just the four lowers doing about seven knots. The evening was so clear that the sun just sank into the sea, there being no clouds to hide it or to cause a sunset.

Having no idea of the dominant set of the current in this part of the Straits, I was very worried about our finding St. Pierre. We ran out our distance by the log about midnight and still the lights could not be seen. Just as we were about to hove her to, I took one last climb up the rigging and made out both lights. With great relief all hands finished taking in sail and went to bed. If there had been fog or if we had been set (more than my guess) it would have been very hard to find the islands and the whole crew were certainly anxious to see St. Pierre, about which we had heard so much. During the afternoon we sighted a ship under full sail outward bound.

<i>Saturday, July 10th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>At St. Pierre</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Fine</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Variable</i>

AFTER a rather heated discussion as to where the Islands really were, Bob and Bart began to work in closer under foresail and jumbo. About eight everybody got up and made sail. The mainsail is no light-weight to get up before breakfast. We had a light follow-

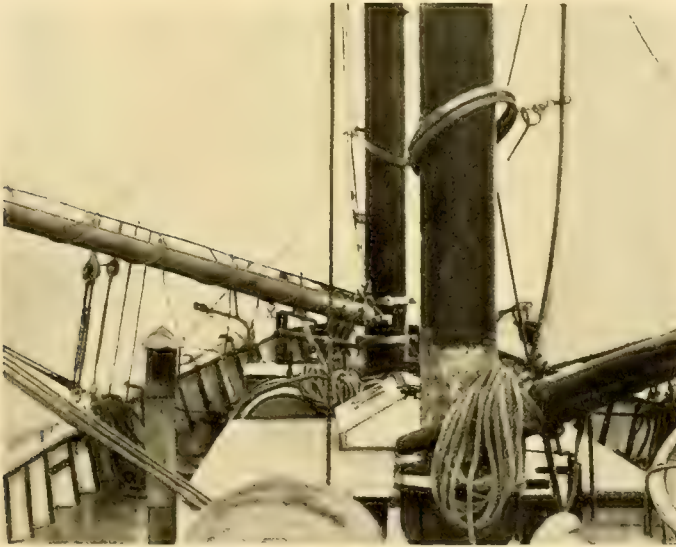


ing wind and the sea soon began to go down. The Miguelon Islands are flat on top with cliffs about 400 ft. high. They seem to be covered with grass. Terry reports that he knows a man, who has a friend, who keeps elephants, who says, that they abound with rabbits. St. Pierre, on the other hand, is high and uneven with large rough patches of rocks. In contrast to the other two islands it appears not to have been glaciated, at least it is made out of much harder stuff. As we got near the harbor two men put out in a power dory flying a very large flag. They wanted five dollars to act as pilots. John was our spokesman and politely refused their aid in flowing French. As we got near the mouth of the harbor several power boats put out and raced towards us. They were the several local merchants competing to sell us liquor. Their prices were ridiculously cheap (3 to 4 dollars a case for brandy). We anchored near two dirty looking French tramp steamers and an even dirtier looking hospital ship. The harbor is very shallow and the sailing vessels are all tied up together in the back end where they are aground most of the time. I went ashore immediately with the merchant who had been first aboard. By some curious system he had to take me to the Custom House and I paid him some four dollars for light dues and entrance tax. He later pays the government on receipt of a large document. The customs officers were three old French soldiers, all badly wounded and in dirty blue uniforms. One of them could speak a little English.

After lunch we inspected the shipping which consisted of several French beam-trawlers, about five small vessels with square rigging, two or three coasting schooners, and one lunenberger. They have a large dry dock. A fleet of about twelve small Newfoundland schooners with brown sails fish from here. Tied up to a stone pier we saw the prize boat of the fleet. She was a French fishing smack of about 60 tons. Her sails had been patched and dyed and patched again until there was very little of the original canvas left. She had a



OLLY



RUNNING WING AND WING





plumb stern, a large heavy bowsprit, which could be hauled in-board, and a fore-mast which folded back down on deck. All her rigging was entirely different from anything we had ever seen. It was hard to believe she was afloat. Somehow or other she had sailed over from France this spring. It must have taken months as her rig was very small and her hull more like a barge than a boat. Her crew were wonderfully picturesque. Most of them had very heavy leather boots reaching to their knees and so studded with nails that they walked with difficulty.

The town was not nearly as tough as we had hoped for. There were three cafes at which the sailors danced bare-footed with each other in the evening. Johnny made a hit right off by playing first the piano and then a violin. An old woman with a hair-lip ran one of the cafes. Terry kissed her goodnight before leaving. They were all just as nice as they could be and gave us a sort of stew for supper which contained a good deal of unrecognizable matter.

In the afternoon Bart, Woody, Olly, and myself took a long hard walk inland. We had some tough climbing to do but it felt good to use one's legs. From the hills we got an excellent view of the town which consists mostly of old frame houses. Several larger concrete buildings stand out. Among them a large walled prison in the courtyard of which is now a tennis court. The colony was originally a penal settlement.

<i>Sunday, July 11th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Nearing Cape Race</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Clouding over</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Strong southeast</i>

WE found a cloudy morning when we woke up but got under way immediately. Terry's friend in the "three master" blew his fog horn to give us a send off. He had met Terry in Shelburne last winter. Once we were outside the harbor, it was evident that

we were in for some bad weather. The wind soon came in light from the SE and we pushed into it under power first on one tack and then on the other. By eleven o'clock we were in rain and mist and the hills of Newfoundland were blotted out. After lunch the wind began to pick up but we still kept the motor going as we were bucking a swell as well as the wind. Just before supper we got some good hard rain and as it began to get rough, I had the motor stopped. As we were driving along through the worst of it with the water rushing in and out of the scuppers, I heard a strange cry and looking back saw a large seal stretching his neck high out of water and making a great racket. We evidently woke him up as he slept.

About eight o'clock, the weather being nasty, we hove her to under fore-sail and try-sail. It kept blowing harder and harder until by eleven it was putting green water on the decks forward. One particularly big sea even washed the port anchor out of place. The "peak" spent a particularly unpleasant night. They seemed to be in a submarine as they expressed it. From time to time a good deal of water would get down the galley hatch as the man on watch went up to have a look around. John reported that he had to chase a lantern around the deck as it kept floating away. The blow was plenty hard enough to have made the "White" very uncomfortable. By five o'clock in the morning the wind had gone but a wretched sea remained.

<i>Monday, July 12th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Cleared Cape Race</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Fog</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Light westerly</i>

WE got sail on before breakfast with quite a struggle, as everything was wet and heavy. The wind was light and from the SW, the fog thick, and the swells very steep. We hardly seemed to move ahead at all, just up and down. By noon we were making

about four knots through the help of the stay-sail which is so light it stays full of wind even with bad rolling. All in all it was a damp, miserable day. Most everybody in the "peak" spent their time making up sleep.

As it was quite uncertain how far we drifted last night I took a sounding in 86 meters of water. Since we got 124 meters after supper and the log was 113 miles, I felt sure we were clear of the Capes. During the night the wind shifted more to the WSW and got lighter but as it gradually became reasonably smooth again we continued making fair time.

About two o'clock we heard a steamer blowing on our port bow which gave us another check on our position as he would not have been very near Cape Race on such a foggy night.

Everybody on board is firmly convinced that Cabot Strait is the roughest place in the world. We have had a nasty swell ever since leaving Cape Breton and every mile further away from Cape Race seemed smoother. For a while during the morning it was really impossible to stand up anywhere. Terry and John, because of the slippery wet deck, have taken to going forward with a sliding motion, their hands held behind their backs and their bodies bent forward, very much like the fellows who use the long tubular skates in Central Park. Jack has been jumping around his galley like a shadow-boxer. Somehow with every severe lurch he manages to jump across and grab a pot just before it spills.

Tuesday, July 13th	{	Position	Section off Cape Race
		Weather	Fog
		Wind	Moderate westerly

ABOUT nine o'clock we took a sounding and got 34 fathoms. Evidently we were on the edge of the Grand Banks. We let her jog and made our first station. The fog was still thick and the



wind WSW. Although our course to Cape Race necessitated rather a close haul, we could make about five knots. After we had taken our second station it was evident that the water bottles did not turn over every time especially the one in the bow of the wire. The two John's began betting whether they would be turned over and locked or not. By the end of the afternoon Knowlton was theoretically out 165 quarts of whiskey (to be drunk on the spot) to be bought at St. John's. We tried putting more weight on the wire and thus keeping it straighter. This helped but still things did not work exactly right. Of course it was not absolutely flat and there was a good breeze, but the schooner lay like a gull on the water, almost perfectly still. There remains a bit of thinking to be done on the subject of how to handle this gear best in rough water.

By six o'clock we were back near the shore (sounding 37 fathoms) and after taking our fourth station we headed north to St. John's.

The fog remained thick all night but the wind though light was following.

The number of sea birds has already increased noticeably. This evening we passed a good many getting ready for bed and they seemed much annoyed on being disturbed. Many, after a good supper, found a good deal of trouble rising off the water. One thing is fairly sure and that is that in this region of eternal fog they are not often disturbed by passing boats. We all wished we knew more about the names of the different species.

Wednesday, July 14th	{	Position	At St. John's
		Weather	Clear
		Wind	Variable

**R**IGHT after breakfast we started the motor and began to work in towards Cape Spear, which had been sighted just after daylight when the fog finally lifted. As three bergs were in sight we were

all quite pleased. It seemed we had left Cabot Strait and fog behind and had entered a more arctic sea.

The land around St. John's is high and rough. We had left behind the harbor chart but Jack knew the way. He pointed out a notch in the cliffs as the mouth of the harbor. Not a house is visible from the outside. No sooner were we in the narrows and had begun to see the town on the hill-side beyond, than a little power boat came towards us carrying two fat men in uniform. One of them stepped aboard and solemnly shook hands with me. I told him we needed no pilot but he replied that we would be liable, what for or why I could not find out. Anyway he remained on board and I steered her in. There are no shoals or rocks although the harbor is small. When we were well inside another launch put out carrying about eight men in uniform. They were the customs officers and from them I found out that it was a half holiday and that we needed a permit to take aboard gas. I immediately went to the Customs House and after about an hour's standing around and an outlay of some twenty dollars got the boat entered. Meanwhile with a tide-waiter aboard the "Chance" had been taken to the oil wharf. We had lunch after having paid the fat pilot seven dollars for nothing. This rather spoiled the lunch but we had the consolation of giving him a good American send-off. All hands asked him to come back and pilot us out in the evening. Unfortunately he knew what was good for him. After lunch all hands except Bob and Woody went across in the "Evenrude" to the city. The oil man told us that we could not get water without a permit, but Jack managed to fill two barrels from a tap in the yard.

We found the town squalid, dead, and dirty. The streets were hardly paved and the smell of drying cod was everywhere. After sending a telegram, I could find only one small store open. The owner, besides being partly drunk, owned some coal mines back of Robinson's. However, I managed to get what I wanted and not

too expensively. I had the pleasure of going to a barber shop and sitting in a chair and the man actually did not ask me if I wanted a hair-cut. Meanwhile the others had engaged room No. 412 in the New Foundland Hotel up on the hill. It is very large and so new that only two floors are in use. While all hands were having a bath and drinking beer in the room I scouted around trying to find Mr. Davies, the Biological Board man. But either because of the Garden Party then in session, or because he was out of town I was unable to find him even at ten o'clock when I made my sixth visit to his house.

We had supper in a very large new dining room with music playing. The food was inexpensive and by having everything we managed to get enough. The other people having supper were strange looking enough, but I wonder what they thought of us.

After supper we looked over the shipping in the harbor. There were about a dozen schooners, half a dozen sealing ships and many small boats. Terry found a Hudson Bay Co. schooner and made friends with the engineer.

We were all glad to clear out at 10 and to be on our way. During the night we had a light following wind with more or less fog.

Thursday, July 15th	{	Position	Off Cape Bonavista
		Weather	Cloudy
		Wind	None at all

ALL morning the current seemed to hold us back badly. Two little schooners way in shore seemed to be making better time of it. We had only a light following breeze. It was cloudy but good visibility. Three or four good sized bergs were passed during the morning. By lunch time nine were in sight. After lunch the engine was started and we worked up to Cape Bonavista in a flat calm. The sun came out and we had a good look at a berg for the first time



near to. Several small boats were out gigging for cod and we ran close to one. They threw two large fish aboard and I threw fifty cents into the water before I landed any money in their boat. They were all typical, nice, stupid Newfoundlanders. They even did not want any money for the fish. It was evident that none of them could read because, although they were right under our stern, none of them remarked that the boat was from Boston.

We stopped the motor at supper time to save gas and managed to slide along for a while under all sail. A light southerly brought in some fog but as the wind was so light we kept on going after dark in spite of the bergs which were becoming more and more numerous.

By two o'clock we were off an island called Stinking Island and headed for another called Funk Island. It got very much thicker in the early morning, although a clear sky gave promise of a good day. New low record for morning watch (8 miles).

<i>Friday, July 16th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Region of Funk Island</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Fine</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Light northwesterly</i>

WHEN the fog finally lifted about nine-thirty, we found ourselves in a very arctic-looking sea. Some sixty bergs were visible from the deck. As the wind was very light and from the NW we used the motor. I was interested to note that when we were finally abeam of Funk Island, the log had not over-registered as I had thought it would. There seemed to have been no current against us during the night. After the strong set we had experienced yesterday, I rather expected more head currents. Just about noon, when there was no wind at all, we ran over a shoal spot. On the chart they gave five fathoms over it and I had paid no attention. It gave us quite a start to see the bottom so close. The water must have been very clear. We ran close to two bergs to take pictures.

About four o'clock we were able to stop the motor and as the sea was like glass, the little southerly gave us good speed. There was quite an argument over the height of one berg so I measured it with a sextant. It turned out to be 75 ft. and two and a half miles away. Opinions had varied up to 200 ft. and six miles away.

The wind only held until a little after midnight. Since the phosphorescence was extremely brilliant I made a haul with a No. 20 net. The bottle came up glowing like a searchlight and the sides of the net were just a mass of glow. But the light had a distinctly fishy smell and when I had finally shrunk it into a flask, it died out. The formalin stopped it after three minutes.

In the early morning Olly and I saw a berg roll over. The sunrise was by far the best so far and very prolonged. We made almost nothing between midnight and breakfast.

-	{	Position	<i>Entered White Bay</i>
Saturday, July 17th		Weather	<i>Clear and warm</i>
		Wind	<i>Very light</i>

GULL ISLAND light had been sighted at ten o'clock last night, yet it was ten o'clock this morning before we finally passed it. Because of its height (463 ft.), the light was visible about 30 miles. This morning over 150 bergs were counted from the deck. As there was a mirage over half the horizon, the bergs assumed the most fantastic shapes. Some just seemed like tall pinnacles while above others a white cloud like a puff of smoke kept coming and going. The wind was very light and from the SE but we were anxious to save gas and so we just sat and wished for a blow and talked about the winds we expected in September.

John and Olly ripped poor Johnny's rifle to pieces during the afternoon. They did it much too fast and it was just luck that they got all the pieces in place again. Johnny tried it out by bombarding a berg.

By five o'clock we were at last in White Bay. The land is uniformly high all around the bay. The hills are in general thickly wooded although in some places rough rocky places show through. We took two stations on our way in before dark. After several hours of calm the wind came light and from the SW (dead ahead). The night watches worked her down against it until by four o'clock it was blowing a whole-sail breeze and fast becoming rough. It is certainly bad luck to have it calm all the way from St. John's and then to get here and have a dandy breeze come just when we don't want it. If the wind is strong it is very difficult to take a station properly.

Woody's banjo and two bottles of "American Cup" celebrated our entrance into White Bay.

<i>Sunday, July 18th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Beating up White Bay</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Clear</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Fresh southwest</i>

ALL morning we worked down the bay against a strong wind which seemed to head us almost every time we tacked. It was hopeless to take a station in such a breeze. After an early lunch when we were just nearing Sops Arm, Bob, John, Olly and Woody and their equipment departed in the "Evinrude." They nearly swamped in launching and once under way looked mighty small. The little boat would jump from wave to wave with spray flying high and the four of them sitting on the bottom to keep from upsetting. After about half an hour they worked in near shore and it got somewhat smoother. I don't think I would have let them start just then had I known what heavy weather they would make of it. During the early afternoon it blew much too hard for us to take temperatures but we made hauls with both nets. The poor jelly fish came up a bit squashed as we could not tow slow enough. About four o'clock it blew so hard we took in the mainsail. Shortly after, without any



warning, the wind shifted clear around and began to blow just as hard from the NE. At the same time it became cold and started to mist and rain. We ran in behind Sops Island as it was no kind of a night to be beating about the bay. Of course the fellows ashore had our large scale chart, but we managed to find bottom by anchoring very close to shore. As luck would have it, there was a small brook right handy and after supper we filled five kegs while Johnny took the engine to pieces. There was so much water in the gas that the cylinders had gotten half full of it. During supper we had a visit from some natives (3) who told us that an American called Crow had started a lumber mill in Sops Arm and was intending to cut pulp wood on a large scale.

<i>Monday, July 19th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Sops Arm</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Cloudy and damp</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Northeast</i>

IT was misty and foggy when we got up and thinking that the others might want to come back aboard and dry out, we steamed up the Arm to look for them. It was not long before we ran aground very gently trying to go through a narrow place. While waiting for the tide to come up somebody happened to look over the side and the bottom was just covered with large flounders. Everybody tried to catch one by different methods. I used a hook and salt pork, Bart tried a net, Johnny a spear and Terry a jig. He was successful in hooking one small one right through the middle. By eleven we floated off again and since the mist had gone and the wind let up we went out and spent the rest of the day taking two stations. Everything seemed to go wrong, especially with the second station, where we sounded and got over 400 meters. By the time we got the wire hauled up and the bottles put down we had drifted over a ledge with only about a hundred fathoms over it. The two lower bottles were

dragged across the rocks. Both thermometers were smashed in the middle bottle and the lower bottle had several turns of wire around it. It took us about three hours to take station D as we kept continually drifting off the right spot besides the other misfortunes. About eight-thirty we ran back into a place called Frenchman's Cove. Nobody lived there and it was wonderfully wild and small. We passed a very quiet, calm night not even having to take in the mainsail. Although the wind had remained easterly all day, the weather was much dryer in the afternoon and a large clear place appeared in the sky which gradually shifted around to NW by way of N. It was very cold taking the stations, the more clothes one had on the better.

Tuesday, July 20th	{	Position	<i>Beating down White Bay</i>
		Weather	<i>Clear</i>
		Wind	<i>Light northerly</i>

WE got up at five and found a wonderful, clear day but the wind still light and from the E. We therefore had to steam out and down the bay about twelve miles. During the morning we took three stations with very little trouble. By dropping both jibs we found the boat lay very much better. About lunch time we headed back to pick up the shore party. The wind was light and dead aft and we lay around the deck basking in the sun. When we were off Frenchman's Cove again, Bart noticed a fire on shore so in we headed and soon had the skiff and all its cargo aboard. During the rest of the afternoon and night we worked down the bay with light head winds.

The shore party had spent their first night (a rainy one) in a cave since they had forgotten the tent. They found a good sized river but its mouth was completely blocked with nets. Every channel was double netted clear across. Bob and John were not able to raise a single salmon although the nets were full of them. However they both

caught a good many trout. Woody and Olly got several salmon for supper by taking them from a net. The second day they spent in seining in the different parts of the Arm. In some places the water was quite fresh and in others quite salt. Their catch varied accordingly. They spent the second night very comfortably in a logging camp.

Today they went to Jackson's Arm, about seven miles down and near where we picked them up. The natives were completely mystified at seeing four men in such a small boat. One man asked them where they were from. John answered that they had come from New York. Certainly the seven miles down the shore to Jackson's Arm was quite a stunt and it saved us 14 miles in the schooner.

Wednesday, July 21st	{	Position	Off Orange Bay
		Weather	Cloudy at night
		Wind	Light to strong southerly

**T**ERRY, Johnny, Bart and myself got up at four and found a fine following wind fast bringing us down to our next station. We took two stations before breakfast and the next two were finished by eleven o'clock in spite of the fact that they were all about ten miles apart. It was good to be clear of White Bay after we had so much trouble with head winds.

Although the morning had been perfectly lovely, the afternoon was rainy with a southerly wind which finally dropped out. About four o'clock we took our last station. Meanwhile the barometer had dropped three-tenths of an inch and the weather had become more and more threatening. As we had started to go inside the islands which lie off this part of the coast, there was nothing to do but keep on in spite of the ice and a very dark night. There followed a very exciting three hours. After supper the wind had come up strong from the S and we raced to see if we could get clear of the islands be-



fore dark. At supper time we had about 25 miles to go. By dark we had about 12 more. The ice, which had been only mediumly thick all day, got very much worse after dark. Three of us sitting up forward were kept busy all the time yelling back directions to Bart at the wheel. We passed 34 bergs in an hour and a half and all of them close enough to see and it was a dark night. By midnight we were clear of the islands and the shoal water where the bergs had all grounded. We hove her to under her foresail and had a grand mug-up in the galley.

About four o'clock Terry and Woody got her under way with the help of Olly and we were right close to St. Anthony by breakfast. During the night it had cleared and the wind had shifted to NW.

Thursday, July 22nd	{	Position	<i>Straits of Belle Isle</i>
		Weather	<i>Very clear</i>
		Wind	<i>Fresh northwesterly</i>

WE beat into St. Anthony with a spanking good northwester, the rail under water and Jack sitting on the floor of the galley amidst a mass of plates and cups. The harbor was small and a trading schooner anchored right in the middle of the narrowest part did not make our entrance any the easier. Besides we had great trouble making the anchors hold. As Terry expressed it, they just bounced on the bottom. All hands went ashore and I at once found the customs officer and game warden combined in the person of one remarkably nice man. I had a long talk with him and bought two fishing licenses from him. He is the first intelligent customs officer we have ever found in Newfoundland. Among other things he told me that the fishermen considered the salmon, like the cod, a lee shore fish. That is, on days the wind is blowing off shore the salmon keep on up the coast and cannot be caught around the rivers in nets.

Nearly everybody bought something from the mission. The prices

were certainly sufficiently high to give Dr. Grenfell a nice profit. The store was in charge of some girl with a very familiar face who attached herself to the two Johns and ended by selling them everything she had. She must have been pretty hard up for company as both of them have neglected shaving and were dressed in Jerseys and sea-boots. Jordan on the other hand was captured by three nurses who only let him go when he promised to work there all next winter. I was glad to see Betty Soule again. All the college boys in the outfit were at work on a new hospital building. My only objection to the place was that they had passages from the Bible painted in large letters on the outside of all the buildings.

We left about 10:30 and were soon doing nine knots down the shore. The wind only slackened off Belle Isle about four when we were left in a sea of bergs to wait until morning before we could get into Battle Harbor.

<i>Friday, July 23rd</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Venison Tickle</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Fine</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Light southerly</i>

**B**OB brought the boat into the mouth of the harbor by breakfast time. He had had a light westerly to carry him in. The harbor was so small (about 100 ft. across at the mouth) that we thought best to go in under power. Battle Harbor is in the center of a group of large rocks. It has two entrances, one at each end of a long narrow trench. The rocks are all bold as we hardly saw bottom even when close enough to toss a biscuit onto the shore.

All hands went ashore, some to buy gear, some to mail letters. I had a talk with the wireless man and then bought a barrel of flour. The most interesting man in town was the customs officer, who was a cousin of Capt. Bartlett. He was an old man and knew the coast like a book having been everywhere. Incidentally he was on to MacMillan.

Since the two women had been in here in the "Sachem" and had told one of the fishermen, "Why we pay 90 cents a pound for this at home," I had to pay a whole dollar for a fresh salmon.

By ten o'clock we were ready to leave. Olly again hoisted the sails, although we did help him a little by using the winch for the throat halyard.

The coast for the next hundred miles was wild and rugged to an extreme. Hardly a bit of grass was visible and there seemed to be few bays or quiet, sheltered looking places. We rolled along all day with a following wind but only averaging just over four knots. About four it clouded over and the wind hauled NE. A few drops of rain was all that we got, but black clouds ahead and behind showed that there was a thunder storm ashore.

We had to use power to get into Venison Tickle as the storm killed all the wind. We found it an extremely attractive little place. Some climbed the hill to see the moon rise, while others enjoyed it from the deck with a pipe.

Saturday, July 24th	{	Position	Cartwright
		Weather	Clear
		Wind	Fresh southerly

ALL hands came on deck at four and we made short work of getting up the anchor and hoisting the sails. The day was lovely and clear but the wind as yet only light and from the SW. By breakfast time we had not done over ten miles, but from then on we kept going faster and faster until we had all the breeze we wanted. At Domino Run the character of the coast changed again. Green rolling hills took the place of brown and gray rock and even small trees dared to grow in the valleys. The bergs became less and less. One would imagine we had been sailing south from Battle Harbor. After lunch we began a fine race with some fishing schooners.



There were some seven or eight of us all more or less bunched. We hauled up on them all, even the largest of them. About four the usual afternoon thunder storm appeared. The wind hauled NE and later N. It never rained hard but by supper we were becalmed off Pompey Island. For the last ten miles into Cartwright we had to use the engine. The day's run had been 96 miles and we were all well satisfied.

Cartwright consisted of ten small frame houses built along a low shore in behind a point, which guarded a calm little bay that seemed more like a lake. The hills in the background still have large patches of snow on their slopes. The Hudson's Bay Post and the Factor's house stood out clearly, being elaborately painted. A small steamer was at anchor off the wharf and men were busy bringing supplies out in small boats.

Just about dark, when we were all in bed, the wind came off the shore and brought out mosquitoes by the million. As no preparation had been made, everyone spent a bad night. Terry claims that one bit him through the side of the boat. Jack was annoyed as they would not let him close the hatch to keep them out.

<i>Sunday, July 25th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>At Cartwright</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Rain</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>East</i>

EAST wind, rain and mist. I for one was glad of a day with nothing to do. But Bob and John would not miss the chance to go fishing, so at nine o'clock they departed done up in oil-skins and sea boots. Bart went with them as he did not want to miss the chance of seeing the country. Before leaving for the river they paid a visit to the town and there picked up a Newfoundland minister who wanted to be taken up to Dr. Grenfell's school where he was to conduct a service. It was blowing quite hard and when they



CHANCE AT ST. PIERRE



TERRY





came to the narrows where the tide runs very fast, the "Risk" jumped about quite a bit. During the sermon he talked about how glad he had been, on rounding the bend, to see the little school about which he had heard so much. Only John, Bob and Bart really knew how glad he was to see it.

Dr. Grenfell and the "Strathcona" were at the school and he gave them lunch in spite of their beards. The nurse at the school is a very pretty Jewess. Bob immediately applied for a job there next winter. Apparently he was accepted. The school consists of about 40 boys and girls. It is a regular boarding school with competitive entrance examinations.

After lunch it cleared up a bit and they went fishing in a nearby brook. About half a dozen small trout were their only catch.

After supper, those who had remained aboard reading all day, went ashore for a walk. First we inspected the nearby cemetery and then we walked out on a point which commands the entrance to the harbor. There we found a very old cannon lying on the rocks. We saw nobody except one small girl about the town. It became cool in the evening and the breeze shifted to north, so we had a night free from mosquitoes. Of course we had made elaborate preparation for them.

Monday, July 26th	{	Position	<i>Sandwich Bay Section</i>
		Weather	<i>Clear to rain</i>
		Wind	<i>Light westerly</i>

AFTER a hurried breakfast and a frantic packing of camping equipment, we finally hove up the anchor about nine. As the first mile of our course was the same as that of the shore party, we towed both of their boats for a ways. At last we had a lovely clear morning and everybody expected that the weather would be clear for some time. The shore party consisted of Bob, John and Olly in the "Evenrude" and Woody astride a huge pile of luggage in the

dory. When they finally cast off, I was surprised to find how quickly the little engine pulled such a heavy tow. The botanical department needed a great deal of gear and once it was decided to take both boats, a lot of extra stuff was thrown in. Anybody seeing the send-off would have thought we were glad to be rid of them. As a matter of fact both parties were anxious to get started and there was little time lost in farewells.

It only took us an hour or two to be well clear of the bay but much to our disappointment the wind left us off Gannet Islands. I took advantage of the calm and sun to wash and change my clothes. We also made a haul with the plankton net.

About four o'clock it clouded over and a southerly came in. It soon got cold and we passed a good many bergs. Until midnight when we at last hove to, we had been making fair time.

Terry and Johnny got her going in the morning about four and found the wind light and from the NW. They were jubilant at breakfast time as they had gotten an air temperature of  $38^{\circ}$  and a water temperature of  $36^{\circ}$ . Meanwhile we had come some sixty miles from the islands which fringe the coast in this region.

A very cold, dreary sea this.

Tuesday, July 27th	{	Position	<i>Sandwich Bay Section</i>
		Weather	<i>Cloudy</i>
		Wind	<i>Very strong northwester</i>

AFTER breakfast we set the stay-sail and made such good time that by noon we were in position for our next to last station. As the sea was moderately smooth, we hove to to be ready to lower the bottles right after lunch. But while we were eating it began to blow from the north so that first we took in the mainsail and then made fast the jib. No sooner had we finished picking up the deck and making things shipshape, than it was evident that there could be no

station today. Instead we passed extra lashing around the water kegs and set the try-sail. By then it was blowing steady forty miles. She lay nicely enough as it was as yet smooth. About six o'clock the gale was at its worst. She was jumping so badly that after having been closed up with the supper while it was being cooked I had no desire at all to eat it. When the sea began to make up she began to make a lot of leeway.

After dark it cleared off and the wind let up to about 30 miles an hour. As the barometer was rising fast we were pretty sure that the wind could not last for long.

Jack had a wretched time in the galley. Nothing would stay where he put it and as the floor was always wet from our oilers as we came down from on deck, he had trouble keeping his feet. He claims that at one time he had his head wedged in behind the stove. He also wishes he had brought his ice creepers.

I only wish McKay could have seen her ride out this gale. The ocean is so very large and the seas so very high that one thinks he is in a small boat. It is a strange sensation to feel a 77 ft. schooner tossed around like a chip in a mill-race. One is used to slow dignified motions, but not this jumping. But as the old fellow said in Shelburne, "These little vessels scare hell out of you before they finally kill you," and it was evident that she could take an awful lot more.

Wednesday, July 28th	{	Position	<i>Sandwich Bay Section</i>
		Weather	<i>Clear and cold</i>
		Wind	<i>Light westerly</i>

THERE was such a swell left over from yesterday's blow that it was hopeless to try a station. After breakfast we hoisted the jumbo and began to work slowly north. I calculated that our drift last night had been about 25 miles ESE so that all we needed to be in position for our outside station was about ten miles of northing. It



was a lovely, clear northwest day but this did not comfort us much as it was too cold to sit on deck and we were wasting away the whole day getting nowhere. I lit a fire aft but the boat rolled so it was uncomfortable reading.

Towards four o'clock the wind let up and as only a smooth, even swell remained we decided to try a sounding. We ran out the whole wire and got no bottom. Evidently our drift during the last 24 hours was considerable. We took some water temperatures and were surprised to find them so high. At 300 meters the water was still about plus 2°C. Evidently we were outside the Labrador current.

All in all, the day was a very hard one and I was surprised to find how well all hands took it. Cold and wet, without much sleep or good food (Jack could hardly cook) they all took it as a matter of course, and stayed on deck until relieved without a whimper. Meanwhile everything below was a soggy mess. No matter how small an opening you left for air, some water was sure to get in. If one could only live comfortably without air such weather would be much less of a hardship.

During the night the wind hauled to the north.

<i>Thursday, July 29th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Sandwich Bay Section</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Cloudy and damp</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Fresh northerly</i>

I GOT up at four and by simply hoisting the jumbo got the schooner under way. Our course was right across the wind and we made six knots even with such a short rig. The day was if anything colder and damper than yesterday. When it was not actually misting there was always flying spray to think about.

By ten o'clock we had come 30 miles and we hove to for station B. This time we got bottom and by steaming ahead slowly just before sending down the messenger, managed to get all the bottles

closed successfully. Three weeks ago we never could have taken a station in such a swell. It was impossible to stand on deck without holding on to something.

With the help of the winch we got the mainsail up and went flying off another 20 miles to station C which we finished about 4:30. From then on until seven-thirty it got very much rougher and blew much harder. Seas broke all over the deck even drenching the man at the wheel. The lee rail was under water half the time. She was doing a steady eight knots in spite of the swell and nobody cared how rough the going was as long as we were getting somewhere. Supper again was a pretty uncomfortable meal but after a while it let up and we took our third station for the day in much better condition.

Just before we hove to, I was at the wheel and nearly ran down a large whale. He came up right abeam but going a little faster and then changed his course so as to pass under our bow. His flocks could not have been 30 feet away when they disappeared.

A good cup of hot chocolate after finishing the station and a talk forward ended off the day nicely.

The northern lights were particularly fine just before bed. Our day's run was 73 miles and we had completed three stations.

<i>Friday, July 30th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Sandwich Bay Section</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Hazy</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Light and variable</i>

THE early morning was calm and misty. As the alarm goes off without waking me up, we all oversleep. Nobody even stuck his head out until breakfast time. The wind was from the west, just allowing us to head our course. The going was so slow that we only reached our next station after lunch. However, the morning was a very pleasant one, sunny and warm compared to the last three

days. Mac and I took a noon sight which put us in lat.  $54^{\circ} 37'$ , proving beyond a doubt that we were driven way off shore during the two days of strong wind. In other words we are about 30 miles further off shore than I thought. There is still one other possibility and that is that I overestimated the strength of the current and that we are coming on to the coast high of Sandwich Bay, but I think this unlikely. So much north wind must have made the current run like mad.

During the afternoon we had to resort to the engine to get over to Station F which we took just before supper. Unfortunately bottle No. 1 took to opening before it was let down (as we discovered afterwards) so I am afraid these readings are not too accurate.

As we were so near some bergs we had to keep more or less of a watch during the night. All hands sat up late reading in the peak. This is the first evening it has been smooth enough really to enjoy sitting and reading. We could actually open the hatches and let in some air.

The night was calm and cloudy. I found it raining in the early morning so did not get going again until six. Luckily the wind had hauled to the north so we made good time. Although the visibility was poor I was surprised not to see land this morning.

Saturday, July 31st	{	Position	Enter Cartwright again
		Weather	Cloudy
		Wind	Light and variable

**R**IGHT after breakfast we took station G. The sounding was over a hundred fathoms so there was no question of our not still being far off shore. Last night we got 240 fathoms at a spot near where the chart gave 135. However, this morning's sounding set me more at my ease. Terry and Johnny had begun to think we would fetch up at St. John's as we have been sailing so long. Bart was more moderate suggesting Battle Harbor as a likely land-fall.



At eleven our own fears were scattered by making out some islands on the port bow. At first I dared not even hope they were Gannet Islands, but after a while there was no doubt about it. Jack seemed much pleased. We took another station and then ran in under power as the wind had left us.

One further station just outside of our old friend Pompey Island completed our work for this part of the coast. We broke out a bottle of wine and began barging down the bay to Cartwright (12 miles) with a light following wind. The next question was where shall we pick up the shore party. They entirely surprised us by putting out from shore long before we got to Cartwright. As we were a day late they had come out to meet us and they certainly were a fine sight. Somewhere up the bay they had found an old wreck and the topmast of the "Speedwell" was now the mainmast of the dory. Both boats were deep with spoils all "brought back for Terry." There were two large sculling sweeps, several iron fittings and some bits of rope. Both boats had elaborate rigs having run short of gas and were forced to sail.

Jack got them supper and we slid on into Cartwright. After we were at anchor some American Cup was broken out and there followed a very pleasant hour in the peak when we boasted of the cold and rough seas and they boasted of the flies and the salmon rivers. All in all it was a very happy reunion. The schooner is really lonely when we are not all together.

Sunday, August 1st	{	Position	Crossing Hamilton Inlet
		Weather	Clear, with thunder storms
		Wind	Variable

AT four I woke up and heard the mainsail slatting and a strong wind whistling through the rigging. Bart and I lowered the mainsail and went back to bed as this put an end to our plan of

going onto Sandwich Bay with the "Evenrude" and taking water temperatures. We had planned to do this early while the rest of the crew were watering the ship. The poor old "Risk" is no heavy weather boat.

After I had had a few more hours sleep I was again awakened by somebody starting the engine. The wind was so strong that we had dragged considerably. As everybody was then up, we hove up the anchor and steamed over near the well used by those living in Cartwright (a distance of about a mile). While looking for a place to anchor the keel touched bottom. The water flowing out of Sandwich Bay is so muddy that you can't see bottom any more than you can home. Somehow in these waters one gets too used to the fact that in general you cannot hit until long after the bottom is clearly visible.

We had breakfast and filled three kegs with water. There was no use getting more as the water was quite brown. Meanwhile the decks had been washed down and the hold tidied up.

Soon after we were off our old friend Pompey Island the wind began to slacken and by three we had to call on the engineering department. John's prediction of the morning came true for by four o'clock it was raining and it continued to do so all through two stations which we made off the sandy stretch of coast just south of Hamilton Inlet.

We steamed into a large bite in George Island and there found two nice little schooners anchored in one corner with their sterns tied to the shore. The crew of one of them came aboard and we had a talk and smoke on deck. One of them, a tall, lanky, nice looking fellow, used two fine words in the course of his conversation—casualty and Robinson Caruso. The night was fine although a bit hazy.



THE "ENGINEER"



SOPS ARM





<i>Monday, August 2nd</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Off Cape Harrison</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Clear</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Calm</i>

WE got under way a little after four. For a wonder it was a lovely, clear morning with a light westerly. But the westerly did not hold and we had to run the last few miles into Indian Harbor with the motor. The telegraph office is called Smoky and is about four miles away from the harbor and Dr. Grenfell's mission, etc. There were about fourteen schooners at anchor in the harbor. The two Johns and myself went ashore in the skiff and routed out the poor telegraph man who had to live alone on top of this isolated island.

Just before entering Cutthroat Teckle we stopped some fishermen and bought some cod. Their system of fishing in these waters is as follows: Each schooner has two cod traps and from two to three boats, one of which is large enough to have power. The schooners lay in harbor and the men set their traps within a radius of about ten miles. When the traps are pulled they spend the rest of their time hand lining from the small boats. In the autumn when they go home, the vessel is full of fish so the boats, nets and many large barrels all have to be carried on deck. It must be an unhandy load in a storm.

We had a rain shower about lunch time and also fell in with 26 schooners all moving north. As it was calm each schooner had its launch towing. They made quite a sight with their brown sails. It was a shame to steam by them so fast.

We had to run the motor off and on until supper time when we were off Cape Harrison. As it had been calm for several days and as there was no prospect of wind during the night, I decided to try the current-meter. All went well until about six o'clock when the line (a cod line) parted and the instrument went down like a

sinker. The line had chafed through on the side of the dory. Bart had noticed the place but thought the line still plenty strong enough.

<i>Tuesday, August 3rd</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Off Cape Makkovick</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Clear and warm</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Calm to fresh northwesterly</i>

EVERY possible kind of grappling apparatus was used during the morning in an effort to raise the current-meter. There was no wind at all and the sea was like glass so we had perfect conditions. But the water was 70 fathoms deep and it was very hard to tell how much the dory had swung on her anchor line. We finally gave up and a new meter has been laid down on paper which we all think will be very much better. The old one seemed quite inaccurate for low speeds. Anyway we have readings for 10 hours which is more than anyone else has.

My idea was to get to Makkovick by dark (the last telegraph station) but we ran into some strong current and the wind behaved badly so we had some twelve miles still to go at bed time. During the early night there was a nice SE wind and as we were making such good time I thought it best to run right on. During the "two Johns'" watch (12-4) we lay hove to for a while as the bergs were thick and the night cloudy and dark. It is interesting that in these waters it does not get dark, even on a cloudy night, until ten o'clock and at two it is already getting light again. However, both the sunset and sunrise are very prolonged so that there is a long period of half light. There are then but four hours out of the twenty-four that we have to be particularly careful about ice.

In the early morning we had a cracking good breeze which soon kicked up a swell. The poor skiff which we were still towing, was given one wonderful ride. In spite of the mist and cold we were all glad to be making such good time.

During the night, while dodging a piece of ice, Terry had to jibe quickly and the "Liverpool head" took a dive overboard. The tin-smith department (John and Terry) immediately had a conference and found they had plenty of extra galvanized iron to make a new one.

Wednesday, August 4th	{	Position	<i>Hove to off shore</i>
		Weather	<i>Stormy</i>
		Wind	<i>Very strong northeast</i>

**R**IGHT after breakfast we took aboard the skiff over the leeward rail. I had left it towing behind with the idea that we would want it to go ashore at Cape Makkovick. It was a miserable, wet, rainy morning and it seemed strange to be running away from home with an easterly right behind us. About ten some islands showed up through the mist and after some calculations I finally identified them as Negro Island and Pyramid Island. As the log only read 98 miles this again proved my theory that there is little current in shore. Of course, the wind was against the current but the log reading was just about right and I had rather planned on ten miles of tide at least during the night. The wind soon hauled more abeam and got a bit light. As the barometer was way down and still falling fast I knew we were in for a blow and during the afternoon we merely worked off shore as much as possible. The first squall struck about five and it was a beauty. I found myself standing knee deep in water near the mainmast yelling for somebody to come on deck. Johnny was at the wheel and as we had stern-way on at the time there was nothing to do but take the weight of the wind right abeam. The rain came down in torrents and the sail just would not come off. The top-sail sheet had two foul turns in it and Mac finally had to go aloft and cut it. The skiff began to sail around the deck and we had a good hour's fight before everything was shipshape. When everything was through I sent a

bottle of brandy forward and Johnny was the only one who took a drink which is a pretty good proof of how rough it was. As John said, "when the peak refuses a drink, it is wonderful rough."

During the night it blew hard and the wind drove us about S by E but not faster than one knot as we were hove to very well. I found that by starting the fore sheet she lay very much higher and drifted much less.

Thursday, August 5th	{	Position	<i>Hove to off shore</i>
		Weather	<i>Stormy</i>
		Wind	<i>Very strong northeast</i>

THE wind was very much stronger this morning and everybody about as miserable as possible. Woody has not gotten out of his bunk. All hands eat very carefully except Johnny. Luckily there are few bergs around. During the day we only had to pay off twice to avoid one. It is certainly a wild sight to see the surf breaking all over these huge pieces of ice. At such times the schooner seems like a knockabout and one wonders if we are not fools to be out here.

We had a fire aft and were fairly warm and dry but Jack's stove was absolutely incapable of making any impression on the peak which seemed like the inside of an ice-house. Nobody could stay on deck five minutes.

After lunch the barometer began to rise and the wind to haul from the north. This relieved my fears slightly but the wind only blew the stronger. I had been afraid of being in too close as our drift had been little better than parallel to the coast. Some tried to read but the majority lay in their bunks and only got up to read the barometer or stick their head out of the hatch. An occasional graham cracker helped to pass the time.

Towards evening the wind blew great guns. You could feel the fore-sail traveler working in the deck and I seriously thought of reefing. The swell meanwhile had become so high as to affect the



barometer with each rise and fall of the schooner. Olly estimated 35 to 40 feet for the height of the waves on his altimeter which is a pretty accurate instrument. Luckily during the four dark hours the bergs "seemed to sink" as we saw not a one during the night and the fellows were sufficiently scared to keep an excellent lookout, without being urged.

No wonder people do not go yachting much on this coast. I certainly hope that if we get caught in another one of these, we can run before it.

Friday, August 6th	{	Position	Nearing Port Manvers
		Weather	Clearing
		Wind	Light and variable

THIS morning we found ourselves in a regular amphitheatre of huge bergs. The sea was still rough but the wind had become light though still holding from the north. The sun cheered us all up and in spite of the fact that the boat rolled so that you could hardly stand up, we got sail on her with a will. The "victims," few as they were, snarled things up enough to make this a long job. Three fellows got wet on the bowsprit and several times all work had to stop while fingers were warmed and mits wrung out.

At eleven Woody came on deck and broke his three day fast by sitting in the forward companion-way and eating applesauce and bread. Meanwhile the engineering department was hard at work on the engine. On Wednesday while trying to work off Negro Island the engine had been started. As it was raining John had put a piece of sacking over the engine to keep off the water which came in through the hatch. (Nobody was man enough to stay longer than five minutes in the hold with the hatch closed.) The sacking had caught around the shaft which drives the magneto and had stripped the teeth of the gears which drive it. Luckily there is a dual ignition

system on the engine so it was running perfectly again by noontime. We continued to use power until ten-thirty at night.

By four o'clock we made out land just forward of the beam. From the rigging it seemed high and covered with patches of snow.

During the afternoon we passed a very wonderful berg on which the surf was breaking in fine style. About a hundred cameras were dug out and dried off.

We never moved an inch all night long. Most of the time there was no use even sitting at the wheel. The calm had one good effect as it got rid of most of the swell.

All hands sailed into a tremendous supper. It certainly seems good to get things dried out.

<i>Saturday, August 7th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Off Port Manvers</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Very clear</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Light westerly</i>

ALMOST the most beautiful day so far. We found two long strings of bergs ahead and during the morning the ship gradually slid down the lane between them. Something seems to make the bergs come in long strings, perhaps 15 large ones in each line. As we sailed along with the wind aft all morning I could not help thinking of the poem—"And the little 'Revenge' ran on down the long sea lane between." Certainly the bergs are as mighty and as wonderful as the largest of Spanish galleons.

The warm pleasant weather brought the most tremendous activity on deck. There was a general sharpening of knives. Mac fussed with the rigging while I began the new current-meter. I also finished a cover for the forward hatch which we have great hopes of. In really rough weather when the seas break over the bow and come rushing aft along the deck they often force water down onto the peak which falls on either Bob's or John's bunk.

We got a good accurate noon sight which gave us our position about 30 miles ESE of Port Manvers and the Kig-la-pait mountains.

During the whole afternoon we continued barging quietly along with every stitch set and the wind well aft of the beam.

John called the boat the "Seglek Sleeper" because at bedtime there was not a motion or a sound to her and yet we were doing a steady five knots. The idea was "just get in your berth and wake up in Seglek." A more wonderful night for sitting on deck could not be imagined so like on the "midnight" we did not turn in until very late. A very fine display of northern lights had everybody looking upward until their neck ached. It is interesting that here the northern lights are directly overhead.

<i>Sunday, August 8th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Enter Seglek Bay</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Clear</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Moderate westerly</i>

WE found Cape Mugford close aboard (10 miles) and just forward of the beam. The morning was lovely and clear and the snow on the hills gave them a white, clean look that contrasted oddly with their rough, rocky sides. There are even more sharp pointed peaks than the pictures show. We were all tremendously impressed and John observed that he was glad to be out of the darned suburbs and into the open country.

The wind still held light and well aft. Again the deck was a scene of great activity. Terry put skids on the bottom of the skiff which has been getting quite a beating on the rocks. The two Johns worked hard on a mast for the "Speedwell" (dory). Woody sewed up a torn duffel bag while I went on working at the current meter.

By two o'clock Watchman's Island was abeam and as the breeze began to pick up it was pretty certain that we would be in Seglek somewhere by dark.

The entrance to Seglek is right under a high vertical cliff. The chart gives its height at a thousand feet. Three or four dark dykes showed up very clearly on the surface of the rock. Since there is no chart of the bay we had a man aloft as we ran in looking for an anchorage. On the left as you go in just behind the first hill is a beautiful, smooth place like a great U-shaped trough. Evidently some small glacier came down there and had scooped out a clear track down to the main fjord. We had not run in five miles when we sighted the masts of two "green fishers" in the little bay on the right. We ran over and dropped anchor in 10 fathoms mud bottom. One of the schooners was new last winter, built in Newfoundland. The other, an old "hard looking vessel," had been here some time. The men came aboard and we had a long talk and smoke on deck. They claim that there is salmon in the bay. Time and again we could not help smiling when they would come out with the good old Newfoundland reply, "Yes sir, that's what she is."

<i>Monday, August 9th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Anchor at head of Seglek</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Clear</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Light southerly</i>

SINCE the morning was calm, we did not start to get under way until after breakfast. But as we were getting the anchor up, one of the fishermen came aboard bringing the connecting rod of his engine broken off an inch or more from the upper bearing. It looked hopeless at first sight but the engine was very important for the poor fellows' fishing and the four of us put our heads together and decided we could try and patch it up. While we were at work, Woody went ashore and collected plants and Bart and Johnny filled the water kegs from a little stream which ran right through a large snow drift. It took until two o'clock to get the two pieces together. All this time we worked with the utmost speed and efficiency. It was a





SURF ON McNUT ISLAND, SHELBURNE, N. S.



BERG OFF CAPE MAKKOVICK



strange sight to see Terry working away with an Eskimo holding the piece he was working at. Both the Eskimos who were aboard during the morning were very bright and happy fellows. Neither of them could speak English. They are very quick with their fingers and fell to helping us without being asked.

We then ran down the bay mostly under power without even waiting long enough to see if the man's engine worked. This afternoon has been worth all the bad weather and long night watches of the last month. The fjord is magnificent. The patches of snow somehow set off and mark out the ridges and hollows in a very vivid way. Originally the ice cut a path the shape of a very broad U. The two sides are about a mile apart and from the top of the cliffs to the water is about 1200 feet. Since the ice has receded the sides have weathered and deposited steep talus slopes of small stones and gravel. Every mile or so a little stream leaps over the edge and comes tumbling down into the fjord. Taking pictures and discussing the geology of the region we slid back about 25 miles and finally fetched up at supper time on the delta of a stream at the head of the northwest arm. Moving the water barrels soon got her off and then all hands went ashore for a short walk.

Tuesday, August 10th	{	Position	Seglek Bay
		Weather	Cloudy with some rain
		Wind	Southerly

AFTER breakfast and as soon as the camping gear could be packed up, I took the two Johns, Olly and Bob ashore in the "Risk." They planned to spend the night up the river. Bob and Church were anxious to try their luck at fishing while the other two had their guns. Woody spent the morning collecting along the river banks.

Terry and I got after the rigging while Bart began his chemistry. It took him a long time to get going as some of the salt in the

standard solution from Germany had crystallized out and therefore changed the salinity. Luckily he had a standard of his own and he was able to check the error. It is most important that he get some of the earlier bottles analyzed as we will not have enough for the section off Nachvak.

After lunch in spite of the rain and mist Terry and I took the skiff and our entire stock of nets determined to see what the life in the fjord is like. We made three hauls with the seine net and got almost nothing except one small sea-trout.

However the plankton net when towed at 10 fathoms brought up a perfect mass of stuff mostly glass-worms. We ran down a short (5 miles) branch of this part of the fjord to see if there was any kind of a river draining into it. Instead of a river we found a collection of stone ruins evidently made by the Eskimos. There were about 20 stone mounds, some very old (by the moss and lichens on the rocks). Each of the piles had once been an oblong wall about 5 ft. high. Either they are graves or storing places for fish. They are certainly too small to live in and have no door anyway. We were lucky enough to find an old stone baking dish and a rusty blubber knife. The dish had been patched up and Jack when he saw it said "I'll bet the old squaw got hell for dropping that."

Bob turned up about six having found no fish up stream. Terry and I got back about 7:30 after nearly 8 hours in the "Evinrude." Jack was ashore with Bob so Bart and Woody cooked us a fine supper of toast and beans.

Wednesday, August 11th	{	Position	Seglek Bay
		Weather	Cloudy with some rain
		Wind	Southerly

ANOTHER wretched day. Bob and I after breakfast made two unsuccessful hauls with the seine net around the mouth of the river. It was raining hard and that did not make our bad luck any



the easier to bear. I am convinced that the fresh water which flows out fast on the surface is not suitable for small fish. The fjord ten feet down is crowded with all kinds of life but the surface and the beaches seem absolutely deserted. There is no sea-weed or algae on the rocks, I suppose for the same reason.

Terry and I again towed the plankton nets with the "Evinrude" and again got rich hauls except from the surface. We attempted to sort some of the stuff and preserve it in alcohol but it does not keep any better. The jelly fish go to pieces much quicker.

Bob and Woody trolled about the mouth of the river, still in the rain, and caught four nice trout.

At seven the shore party appeared and they were a wet bunch. When the skiff went in for them they did not wait until it reached the bank but just walked out up to their waist to meet it. Olly and John had walked the legs off poor little Johnny in order to get back in time. His pack was too heavy and hung way down. Olly was lugging a 12 lb. trout which John had jigged on the spawning beds about 12 miles up stream. They reported that the valley of the fjord continued for over 20 miles. Caribou tracks ran up and down the stream but they did not see any. The fish refused to rise to any fly at all. John thinks that there are no flies about for them to eat. He also thinks that the river dries up in winter and cannot therefore be used by salmon. The trout spawn and go down stream the same autumn. All the way up the valley, every 500 yards, little brooks come in from each side. These carry the water from the melting snow on the hills. As they saw no paar at all, there can be no salmon. During the night it snowed on the cliffs above us.

<i>Thursday, August 12th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Seglek Bay</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Cloudy with some rain</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Southerly</i>

WE got under way using the engine. It was still raining and misty. Bob and John went out ahead in the "Risk" as they wanted to fish the Northwest River where the Eskimos are encamped. There are three families of them there who have come up from Hebron to get trout.

We made one sounding with the hand line and got 70 fathoms. I imagine that this is the average depth of the back part of these fjords. They must have been a lot deeper and have extended a lot further inland before the land rose. There are remarkably few small auxiliary glaciers feeding into the three main ones. This makes it very difficult to get up onto the land. We did not see a place where one could get out except perhaps with the help of a rope. As there are caribou in the valley I imagine that the slope of the very back end of the fjord must be more gradual.

We hung around waiting for Bob and John most of the forenoon. I made one station off the Eskimo camp but we have too few bottles to take many samples. Besides the bay is too cut up to give any kind of a section.

About four Bob and John returned having caught about 20 trout (5 lbs. on the average) and having visited the Eskimo camp. They found one man quite civilized who could talk English a little and who had a collar button which he wore for their benefit. All the rest were dressed in white duck shirts and heavy dirty pants. They had six kayaks drawn up on the beach and one large motor boat.

We continued out to Anchorage Cove under power and there found our friends the fishermen "cutting in" after a good catch. They gave us a salmon caught in their nets. The motor-boat which we fixed is still running.

Three Eskimos came aboard. We gave them some tobacco and then measured them. We also traded some empty cans for a pair of sealskin mittens and a tobacco pouch.

Friday, August 13th	{	Position	Off Nachvak
		Weather	Clear
		Wind	Light southwesterly

WE got under way at four and ran out with a very light westerly. By breakfast we had crossed the mouth of Seglek Bay and Mt. Blow-me-down with its snow filled valleys made a beautiful view. The day was another of the clear, calm days we have had so many of while off shore and so few of when inland. We never did much better than four knots but were never becalmed for long. I worked all morning on the new current-meter down in the hold and heard someone say about ten that we were off Ramah. Strangely enough we were in a head tide most of the day. It was the strongest tide I have seen in shore so far.

Whether the date and the fact that it was Friday affected us or not I don't know. But through gross carelessness we ran past Nachvak to White Bear Cape, before I stuck my head up to see where we were. I had thought that the fellows on watch were following the chart and they thought that I was.

Since it was too late to get in to anchor by the time we found our mistake, we hove her to headed off shore and sat back after supper to watch the sun go down behind the mountains. A more wild yet beautiful sight could not be imagined. Over the highest peaks enough clouds hung to give full color to the sunset. A large patch of snow on the side of Mt. Razorback showed up plainly all night. John came on deck at midnight and thought it a berg.

At daylight we were in close to the land, but the wind had disappeared and a light rain made the morning miserable. As the

barometer had dropped badly and as we were anxious to see the inside of the fjord we motored in so that by breakfast time we were some ten miles inland. Bob and Bart could not find anywhere the three black dykes which Dr. Grenfell spoke about.

Saturday, August 14th	{	Position	Beating up Nachvak
		Weather	Clear to cloudy
		Wind	Northwest

WE used power for about an hour after breakfast, but the wind soon came strong and dead ahead. As the barometer had been dropping fast I had expected a breeze and we certainly got one. In some of the puffs the water came up to the cabin house and the sheer-poles went under. Olly got some fine movies of the water on the deck. At one point he was sitting up to his middle in water with the camera still running. The high land made the wind extremely variable. At one time we jibed and came about within half a minute. Off the old Hudson Bay Post where an arm enters from the south there were frequent water-spouts that rose as much as 40 ft.

In general Nachvak did not strike us as well as Seglek. Of course, the hills back in the country were higher and had more snow, but the fjord itself is wider and the sides seem older and more covered with moss. For one thing there are few new talus slopes except near the head of the fjord. We found we could take the schooner only nine miles above the old H. B. Post. There we found a delta from a small brook spread clear across. Behind this was a long lake where the fjord continued inland.

We had our period of rain about noon-time. It is getting to be a joke the way a day hardly goes by without rain. Since we had to anchor in 25 fathoms, Mac had a fine time throwing out chain.

During the afternoon Terry, Woody and myself stayed aboard making up the packs, while the rest went ashore to look around.



As before they could find no place where we could climb out onto the high land. We decided our best bet was to take the skiff up to the head of the lake and try there.

One interesting sight was a little waterfall abeam of the schooner which "never did fall down." Half way down the cliff the wind would blow the water to vapor.

Sunday, August 15th	{	Position	<i>At Nachvak</i>
		Weather	<i>Cloudy with some rain</i>
		Wind	<i>Northcast</i>

OUR first job was to get the skiff into the lake. We had to carry it half a mile. Terry then got into the stern of it and we pulled it up through the rapids with a long rope. At one time the skiff must have been moving 8 knots through the water. All seven of us (Bob remaining behind) and our packs made quite a load for the little boat but she chugged the 8 miles down the lake in about two hours. In carrying the engine over the rocks the water pipe broke off at the elbow. Luckily there were two threads left and by a bold piece of machining with an old screw driver, she was fixed as good as new.

At the head of the lake we found a nice brook flowing in which had gradually filled the whole head of the fjord with gravel. On this flat space ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles long by  $\frac{3}{4}$  wide) the vegetation was thick and the caribou tracks even thicker. Woody and Olly with their plant presses (35 lbs.) and blankets and their supporting party (the four oceanographers) carrying a hundred and ten lbs. of food started up the valley.

We had not gone much over a mile before we made out a place on the right that looked climbable. As we wanted to go north and the valley ran west we decided to give it a try. Then followed three or four hours of the hardest kind of work. At times we could only take fifty steps without stopping. Much of it had to be done on

hands and knees. I think Johnny made the easiest work of it. I know at lunch time ( $\frac{3}{4}$  of the way up) he went to find water. A perfect downpour of rain did not help matters (as the moss is slippery enough even when dry. By three o'clock we had reached what had seemed from the valley, the edge of the cliff. But much to our dismay the land continued upward at only a slightly less steep slope. By looking across the fjord (it had cleared meanwhile somewhat) we could see the same thing on the other side. Way in the background was a snow-capped mountain.

We had come up following the notch cut away by a stream. Soon we came to a small lake and beyond the lake still higher the river continued on its rocky bed. The prospects of walking over so many rocks with no sign of vegetation or wood were not too good. Bart went up a hill on our right to see if he could find a more attractive valley. He came back completely exhausted with the news that ours was as good a way as any. We skirted the lake and pitched the "flytight" against a large boulder after pulling up a great heap of moss to sleep on. The fact that there was not a twig of wood to make a fire with and that it was again raining made our outlook somewhat bad. All hands piled into the tent which was very low there being no poles to hold up the peak and I gave out a cold supper of dried prunes, beans, chicken and chocolate. Once we had our blankets fixed and the tent began to warm up, people began to joke about our situation and our outlook brightened. Olly and Woody, since they had sleeping bags, had their lower half outside the tent. The poor "oceanographers" having only one blanket each slept in a pile. During the night it snowed and blew great guns. At times I was rolled over onto poor Mac by the force of the wind pulling on the tent.

Animal warmth is a great thing and as Olly and Woody lay on our legs we passed a reasonable night only waking up twice when the tent began to leak badly. As we lay during the night, the top of

the tent in the back end was just four inches above our faces. When it flapped in the wind the water would spatter off the underside. Everybody was tired and we got a good night's rest. Our camp was at 2600 ft.

This certainly is no country for inexperienced campers. Every hill and rock look the same and half the time the mist and clouds obscure the way. Poor Woody is completely discouraged at the lack of vegetation and all evening kept planning the remarks he would give the "arm-chair" botanists at Cambridge who said he would be able to collect at 4500 ft.

<i>Monday, August 16th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>At Nachvak</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Cloudy with some rain</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Northeast</i>

OLLY remarked when we awoke that he could well see why arctic explorers remained sometimes for several days in their sleeping bag. It was still raining and bitter cold. All our shoes were outside the tent, there being no room inside, and of course the breakfast would be a cold one. We decided to leave the packs and tent and look about during the day before lugging all this stuff further. We made our way up the brook and past four small ponds. The further we went the more rock there was, mostly of small pieces. Terry remarked that Grandpa would consider this place heaven as "Rock certainly was wonderfully cheap." About noon we came to a divide and the water began flowing NE. Johnny and Olly went ahead and found that the valley turned towards the sea and ran roughly parallel to Nachvak. The floor of this valley was about 3000 ft. at this point. At 3500 the snow line began. There were large banks of snow lying about which supplied water to the brooks. The ground was so hard and the country so new that the brooks had not had time to cut any well-marked path. Luckily the rain let up for lunch. I took a bad tumble on a small glacier and

would have gotten badly hurt except I had so many clothes on. After lunch Bart amused himself for a while by sliding on a large snow bank.

There was no question about it. Woody could collect everything there was in a few hours. He had planned to stay a week up there with Olly while we made our section of the coast. One could only live in this country with a primus stove. Although it says on the can that the beans are "equally good cold or hot" and "suitable for camping parties and outings" after six meals we voted them better hot. We could use none of our dehydrated food except the fruit which has to be eaten slowly.

After lunch Woody continued collecting and made five miles more back into the country. On the southern slope, and in very protected places a few very small plants managed to grow. A birch would consist, for example, of two leaves and about an inch of stem. While alone he saw a stag caribou about 150 yards off.

Terry and I went back to camp and made up two packs. It was necessary to begin lugging this stuff down again and the tent was too full with six anyway. From three until four it rained and snowed and from four until eight it rained and misted. We went down the hill mostly on our behind and reached the lake at about 5:30. We had hoped that Bob and John would be fishing, but there was no sign of them. There was nothing to do but pick out an open spot where the flies would not be as thick and make camp. This time we had wood and a hot meal. By dark we were all dry and our pile of twigs completely burned. We had one poncho, two oiler coats, and two blankets. If I had been smaller our camp would have been most comfortable. As it was we woke up about every 2 hours and had to rearrange our covers. After dark it completely cleared off. As we lay on our backs with nothing but the sky for a roof, we got the full thrill of the northern lights. The two perpendicular sides of the fjord showed up boldly against the stars.



Meanwhile the other four had made themselves comfortable in the tent and had had a supper of cold condensed soup, corned beef, beans and chocolate. With four there was more room and since the rain stopped the sleeping was not bad.

Back at the schooner John and Bob had caught enough trout in the seine net so that after throwing away all under 15 inches they could salt down a full barrel. They stayed up until midnight "cutting in." Jack was jubilant as he really appreciates that kind of fishing. They estimated their catch at 400 fish.

Tuesday, August 17th	{	Position	At Nachvak
		Weather	Clear
		Wind	Light and variable

TERRY and I were up early and although we had breakfast in a sprinkle of rain, the sun soon lit up the clouds enough to let us know that after a while it would be a good day. The wind had shifted and now blew the "other way." It always either blows up or down these great trenches, never across.

Both of us were stiff and made "wonderful" slow work getting up our pass. We finally met the others coming down at about 2000 ft. Terry, not daring to trust his legs, slid the whole way down. Woody and I went down slowly collecting as we went. It is remarkable what we found on that slope. The new plants included seven new kinds of willow.

John and Bob meanwhile had turned up and a fire was made down by the river. The first party started back in the "Risk" about noon. We made slow heavy weather of it with a head wind and a heavy load. John went to explore the upper valley, Bob went fishing and Woody continued collecting in the valley bottom.

It was almost a race for the last mile over the rocks to the schooner and by some strange chance Jack stuck his head up at just the right

moment. He came flying in in the dory and we were soon aboard the "Chance." Quantities of toast and jam soon gave us a more civilized outlook. Olly went back for a second load and Bart went ashore to take pictures of the waterfalls. Terry, Johnny and myself washed up and sat around smoking and writing.

Because of the weather our trip inland had been a little like the story of the small boy who was in the habit of banging his head against the wall, his reason being, "I like it so much when I stop."

At supper it was a pleasure to watch Johnny eat. He only left off when his belly resembled that of a small boy. Olly did not say much but pound for pound he could have given anyone a good race.

Wednesday, August 18th	{	Position	At Nachvak
		Weather	Cloudy
		Wind	Calm all day

THE whole bloody chain had to be hauled up and of course there was no wind. Power soon brought us to a position near the southern arm. After I had used the skiff to tow the nets, Bob and John departed to try their luck fishing the river Dr. Grenfell claimed so good. We made a station and then slowly worked down against a light wind and made another. As at Seglek, there is little or no life in the upper ten feet of water which is running out. The underneath water is very cold ( $-1.8^{\circ}$ ). In places where the salt and fresh water mix as near some streams off the cliffs, the water gives a cloudy effect. The two different waters mixing only with difficulty.

All afternoon we hung around looking for the little "Risk" but it was six before they showed up. They brought four huge (12 lb.) trout which they had caught in swift water on a 5 oz. rod (so far very sportsmanlike) but as they had no net or gaff to kill them they devised an ingenious scheme of rock throwing. One would stand

down stream and when the fish began to run out and the rod failed to check him, stones carefully aimed soon turned him back up stream. Once tired out the fish was pulled near the surface and his head laid open with a well aimed rock. Even with this system they lost one half. Again the fish simply refused to rise and had to be jigged.

It was Johnny's birthday so we had a banquet of ham. We ran under power to a cove on the north side and near the mouth. A fisherman was anchored there and 20 Eskimos encamped. We learnt that MacMillan had left only this morning for Seglek. Johnny traded some tobacco for a pair of sealskin mits.

While Bob was ashore talking (?) with the Eskimos, we fixed his bunk in fine style. He was in the habit of cutting the lashings on poor Mac's bunk to settle an argument. We fixed up the slats in Bob's bunk so that by pulling a peg Terry could drop him onto the floor. The pipe berth was made secure with wire. After dark Bob was dropped out after suitable baiting and of course rushed at Mac with a knife only to dull it on the wire.

<i>Thursday, August 19th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Section off Nachvak</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Clear</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Light northwest</i>

UP at six and got three kegs of water. Out under power at seven and take station C directly off the cove and in center of bay. The water half way down was  $-1.83^{\circ}$ , a new low. It is very strange how the water in here can be so much colder than the water further out. The day was very clear but without wind. A little breeze blew us out of the fjord but it soon left us and we had to steam to station D. The next station required 10 miles of power and the next 15. Still the water is comparatively warm ( $-8^{\circ}$ ). Either the current is warmer up here or we are not in it yet. The water is only shoaling

gradually (75 fathoms tonight) as we work off shore. I wonder if the continental shelf will run way out.

At supper time, although we were nearly forty miles off shore, the land seemed only ten miles off. It is so very high that one never notices if half of it is below the horizon. The snow patches on the hills show up pure white against a really black background.

During the night with a light following wind we ran twenty miles. At four the "oceanographers" were up and busy taking station G. We continued until breakfast with a light following breeze. At that time we were 70 miles off shore and Mt. Razorback could still be distinguished from the other head lands.

This continual calm light weather is all very pleasant but we get nowhere.

Oceanography is light work with a full crew. We can keep going all night and there are always plenty of hands to hoist or lower sails.

Friday, August 20th	{	Position	Section off Nachvak
		Weather	Clear to cloudy
		Wind	Light and variable

**A**FTER breakfast we got 100 fathoms at Station H which shows we must be nearing the edge of the shelf. This was also our coldest station for this section although not as cold as half the stations off Sandwich Bay.

It soon turned damp and cold and the land was blotted out instantly. However, we got a better breeze and were soon boiling along in fine style. I had planned to take the next station right after lunch, but before we could get sail off we had overrun the place by four miles. The breeze left us almost as quickly as it had come up. We were now over the edge of the shelf and I was mystified to know what had happened to the current. It must be inside of us as at station I the water was warm again ( $2^{\circ}$ — $4^{\circ}$ ). There was no use running further off shore with only 400 fathoms of wire so I



turned back to take one more station half-way between H and I. We completed this by eight-thirty and the rest of the night beat slowly into light westerlies. There are almost no more empty bottles so it is just as well that we did not have to make more stations. Our total distance off shore was about 90 miles.

Jack has been watching the barometer like a cat. Although I don't enjoy rough weather off this coast any more than he does, I do wish we would get some wind. I have noticed that off shore there is either almost no wind at all or more than you can use. The westerlies and northwesterlies do not seem to extend more than twenty miles off shore. On the other hand when sailing along under the land one has to be most careful of the westerlies, for they can come down off the hills in terrific puffs.

We have seen very little ice on this trip. What there was of it (about 20 bergs) lay about 15 miles off the coast.

The gulls are most tame and all day long circle round and round the boat.

Saturday, August 21st	{	Position	Section off Nachvak
		Weather	Clear
		Wind	Calm

ANOTHER flat day. The roll slats what little wind there is out of the sails. By noon we had used up the last of the gas in the tanks. Bob and John cleaned out the two upper tanks. During the day I worked on the current-meter which is now nearly finished. I do hope we have a few calm nights on the way home and get a chance to use it. We all feel pretty badly having lost the one Dr. Bigelow gave us and a few observations with this one would appease him perhaps.

This afternoon was really the first time all summer that we have wanted power and not used it. We still have one hundred gallons left, but I think it better to save it for working in unchartered shoal

water. In spite of the fact that half of the time we had no steerage way, by evening we were appreciably nearer the coast. The current has carried us down shore more than I allowed. I did not want to make a land-fall north of White Bear Cape so only allowed  $\frac{1}{2}$  point for the current's effect on our course out and back. With a breeze this would have brought us about back to Nachvak but with so much calm we would have made in at Seglek. During the evening therefore we headed NW roughly. We were still beating and stood on whichever tack carried us nearest to the course. The tide rips are frequently noticeable and my best guess is that the strength of the current is here 20 miles off shore. Of course right in under the land especially around capes, the tidal effects are very noticeable but as the bergs are not carried in I imagine it is the shallow water which makes the lop and not any especially strong current. Our log has never over-registered greatly when sailing close to shore.

By morning we had somehow worked into White Bear Cape. During the night we had two cold drafts of wind from the NE. The second time it lasted for two hours and was strong enough to put the scuppers under. I think this may mean a change in the weather.

Sunday, August 22nd	{	Position	Enter Ryan's Bay
		Weather	Calm with some fog
		Wind	Calm

AFTER breakfast we headed across Seven Island Bay which is really a double fjord with its mouth blocked by two large islands and a number of small ones. The chart is now absolutely useless and a man has constantly to be aloft. To make matters worse all the shoals are covered with kelp and therefore do not show up except by forming a tide rip. The lead has to be worked pretty regularly. Some of the time we had wind and some of the time we used the engine which for the first time misbehaved because of faulty spark plugs.



NACHVAK FJORD



SAILING UP NACHVAK BAY





The Hog's Back is a long shoal taking off from White Bear Cape and running in a North North Easterly direction. From the mast-head the rocks seemed to extend only for ten miles. Not knowing what better to do, we ran outside the islands and cut through the Hog's Back close to shore. Most of our soundings were about 8 or 9 fathoms. Somehow this long shoal was all cut off at the same height. As the Pilot Book says, "It is an interesting problem how these rocks were cut off," we cursed all afternoon because the silly book did not say whether to sail inside or outside the islands or inside or outside the shoal.

After lunch fog set in from the NE and strangely enough it never quite settled down to the water but hung so we could just see a narrow band of shore under it. About four we came to a place which seemed like the "mouth of a fjord with a notable sandy beach" and concluded it must be Ryan's Bay. The water shoaled rapidly and as it breezed up we ran in under power. No gap in the bar could be found and the fjord seemed to hold a lake. Bob and John went ashore in the "Evinrude" but could find no anchorage. As the barometer was falling fast and as it was rainy and misty with a SE wind nobody was much pleased with the prospects for the night. We headed out and decided to have a look around one more headland. It was soon evident because of a lifting of the fog that we had blundered into the "Region of the Iron Strand." Ryan's Bay has no vestige of a sand beach. We found the anchorage easily.

<i>Monday, August 23rd</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>At head of Ryan's Bay</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Cloudy with mist</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Light northerly</i>

IT was blowing hard right out of the fjord when we awoke, so to save gas I decided to wait a while before going on. We are anchored between a large three-master from St. John's and a very nice

little schooner of 70 tons built at Port Union, Nfld. Her master, Blackwood, is an extremely nice man with whom we had a long talk last night. They are the last vessels on the coast.

Woody went ashore collecting. Olly and John took their shotguns and saw a seal sitting on a rock not 80 yards off. Aboard the schooner we had a great reorganization of the hold while Mac fussed with the rigging.

At one we began steaming up the fjord which is a wide one running straight back. The banks are not nearly as precipitous as in the other fjords yet the mountains on both sides are even higher. After 8 miles we sounded and got only 10 fathoms. A half a mile further we anchored in 4. Bart, Johnny, Jack, Church and Olly went ashore to explore the valley which is obviously the continuation of the glacier's path. Mac and I made a haul with the plankton nets and because of the less volume of fresh water entering from the streams got rather more life from the surface.

The shore party did not turn up until after dark. They had walked 16 miles and looked it. They found no traces of caribou at all but many Eskimo camps and one cache. The whole valley was obviously once under the sea as raised beaches ran all along the sides. A stream flowing East drained the first 3 miles of it and one flowing West the next five. This led them to believe that they had found the watershed and that the valley must lead clear through to Ungava. With some difficulty they had shot a trout thinking it an Ungava fish. Poor Jack, on almost his first trip ashore, got an awful "driving." Terry, Woody and myself cooked their supper for them about ten-thirty.

Strangely enough the schooner began to drag this evening and we had to put the other anchor over. As the lead shows a very soft bottom I can't understand it.

<i>Tuesday, August 24th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>At head of Ryan's Bay</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Cloudy with rain</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Northeast</i>

WE were discouraged to find it still cloudy in the morning. Our plan had been to pick out a good high mountain and climb it but the weather of course made this idea useless. Bob said he thought he would go and catch a few of the trout the others had seen in the lake last evening. Johnny and I decided to go with him. Terry took us ashore (one mile because of the shoaling of the bay). We had no sooner started than I noticed we had left the pack on the schooner. Bob went back for it. Johnny and I went ahead having agreed to meet him at the lake for lunch. The first mile was frightfully up and down. The region is just a mass of sink-holes and river beds. Next, we came to a level plateau covered with moss. Before going down to the lake we had a smoke and waited a few minutes to see if Bob would come along. We then decided to see if Church and Olly were right about the valley running clear through to Ungava. We continued on the left hand side of the stream until both parts of the fork of the valley were clearly visible. The right fork contained a large lake (No Lunch Lake) and ended in a cirque. The left fork first ran south and then tended to bend towards the east. I suppose the water from Two Loon Lake and No Lunch Lake drained into the lake in the "Region of the Iron Strand." There was not a sign of a caribou. It was a hard plug on the way back, two hours and a half before our first stop, with a head wind bringing alternately rain and snow. Much to our disappointment there was no sign of Bob at the lake. Both of us were nearly done but we somehow stumbled back to the bay where we found Olly and Church ashore, the first looking for birds, the second taking the temperatures of the rivers. Our walk had been well over 20 miles. We reached the schooner about 7:30 having been on the go since 9:30. Bob turned up an hour later with seven good trout.

Woody has made a very full collection of this region. He finds it quite different from Nachvak. After supper we hoisted the anchor, badly fouled with kelp and slid down to the anchorage with a full moon rising behind the peaks.

Wednesday, August 25th	{	Position	<i>At anchorage in Ryan's Bay</i>
		Weather	<i>Cloudy</i>
		Wind	<i>Strong northwest</i>

BART left his camera on the beach at the head of the bay last night. At 4:30 this morning he left in the "Risk" to go back for it. He would not let anyone go with him. About one-third of the way up he stopped to fill up with gas. He added the oil which, since he did not mix it, ran down into the carbureter. Knowing nothing about engines he quickly gave up trying to start it and took to rowing against a strong head wind. After an hour or two he took to the shore and walked the other five miles to the head of the bay where they had tried to make a fire the night I went in for them with the skiff. He got back to the "Chance" "well druv" about 1:30 just as I was beginning to be worried.

Most everyone spent the morning on the "Janie E. Blackwood" helping put away the early morning's catch. Olly and Bob went out with them for the noon hauling of the nets. Olly has taken a great many pictures which I hope will come out.

In the afternoon Terry and John took a walk during which they killed two ducks but missed an easy shot at a seal because John was not used to my gun. Later Terry and Bob try to seine but it is too rough. The wind comes out of this bay perfectly steadily and I hated to sail along this coast with such shoal water and fierce gusts of wind coming off the hills every few minutes.

Bart and John went out with the fishermen in the evening. They tried hauling the outside net but the "tide" had fouled it badly. The



NE wind must have set the water running down shore in fine style. This morning net, kegs and corks were all sucked clear under and out of sight.

Johnny has been at work all day making a map of the head of the bay. It started as rather a joke but he soon got interested and has taken a lot of trouble.

My back has hurt all day and I have not done much.

<i>Thursday, August 26th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Anchor at Eclipse Harbor</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Cloudy</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Calm</i>

STILL blowing from the NW and cloudy. There was nothing to do but wait for the weather to moderate. As everything is so shoal around here and the bottom covered with kelp I think it dangerous to go outside. When it is rough the man aloft would have trouble seeing the tide rips or the bottom.

John took Bart ashore in the dory. Unfortunately his boast about her windward qualities was a little previous as he had to row back to the schooner. Bart had a look to the northern and saw over into the southern entrance to Eclipse Channel. He returned about one with three Eskimos, a man and wife and an attractive (according to Bart) daughter. The Eskimo family seemed to be expected aboard the "three-master" as a boat immediately went in for them.

Terry and Bob took the "Evinrude" across the bay intending to land and walk across the cake over to the "Region of the Iron Strand." They tried landing in too much of a surf and stove in three planks. The fishermen brought them back. The motor and all the other gear got a good wetting.

Right after lunch we hove up the anchors which had an awful hold and only could be broken out by the help of the engine. The weather had cleared and we found it calm outside. We ran slow all

afternoon, only once getting in dangerously shallow water. Unfortunately the only way we had of telling when we got to Eclipse Harbor was by a picture in the pilot book. The sketch (a very bad one) had been made from a boat approaching from the north. We ran by 3 miles before we made out Castle Mountain, an important landmark in the picture. They might have mentioned at what angle they made the sketch. We anchored right under Mt. Bache in a place, I imagine, the fishermen sometimes use as we saw signs of stones having been moved when we went ashore after supper for water. The real harbor used by the Eclipse expedition is, I think, two or three miles further up the channel behind Anlakivik Island. This anchorage is good enough for anything but a bad northeaster. The evening was absolutely calm.

<i>Friday, August 27th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Anchor at Eclipse Harbor</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Heavy fog</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>None</i>

MUCH to our disappointment we found ourselves buried in fog this morning. Olly reported that at six you could not see the dory. At eight the shore was just visible. We filled two more kegs with water after breakfast and then cleaned up around the decks while Terry patched the skiff so it would float anyway.

Bob and John tried to seine on a nice little beach at the back of the harbor. All they got was two sea-robins (or sculpins?). Poor Dr. Bigelow will be discouraged with the results of our seining. Almost nothing has been caught since White Bay. For some reason or other there is very little life along these shores. In some places the rocks are not even slippery. We have not seen a single barnacle on rocks exposed at low water. On the other hand the hold-fasts of the kelp come up with a big bunch of barnacles. Woody suggests that

the water coming off the land every hundred yards will not mix with the sea water because it is so very hard.

After lunch Terry and I went off into the fog with the "Evinrude" running better than ever since its wetting, and made a plankton haul outside in the bay. Olly and Bob succeeded in shooting three very small ducks which could not fly and have no meat anyway. I am becoming a bit skeptical about our hunters. They are best at cleaning guns.

Woody spent the afternoon drying out his blotters (1000 of them). I helped him repack some plants and passed the rest of the evening reading.

This is the first time fog has really held us up and everybody more or less considers that we deserve it and so do not mind the delay. However we have been three full days moving twelve miles and the time for starting back is coming all too soon.

Mt. Bache (2150 ft. high) rises perpendicularly not 200 yards from the schooner. Of course, we can't see it because of the fog but it is queer to know it is so close by.

Saturday, August 28th	{	Position	<i>Anchor in Ekortiarsook</i>
		Weather	<i>Rain and fog</i>
		Wind	<i>None</i>

STILL more fog but not quite so thick because of rain.

Johnny has begun a most elaborate chart of Nachvak and will hardly stop to eat. Up until now no chart has shown anything above the H. B. Post. Most everybody spent the morning reading and writing.

We had an early lunch and then got under way with power. The fog (or clouds) hung about 1000 ft. above the water. Except when it rained exceptionally hard we could see about four miles. A little easterly swell was coming in from somewhere and this helped us

pick out the shoal spots. By four we were off a great high cape and in only 7 fathoms. Ahead were about a thousand rocks, islands and breakers. I thought we never would get through. The lead was kept going steadily and we headed west as slow as the motor could be run. As a matter of fact we kept sounding in 9 fathoms almost the whole way in. This seems to be the average depth of the water from White Bear Cape north. After threading the islands for seven or eight miles in a westerly direction, a large bay came in from the SW. We headed in and almost immediately got 30 fathoms and no bottom. This made it pretty obvious that we were in the fjord and could use full power. It was strange not being able to see any of the hill tops and I fear my map-making suffered as a result. After four miles we saw a long arm coming in from the NW. We continued on our course hoping that ours would be the longer arm since it ran more nearly parallel to the mountain system. The union of the two forks forms a large bay three or four miles across. We did not stop to get bottom.

At eight o'clock we pulled in near shore and found an anchorage in a small bite with 10 fathoms of water. Everyone was well contented that we had fooled the weather and made 30 miles when we were obviously never supposed to have moved. The mist and rain had made it cold and wet work.

<i>Sunday, August 29th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Anchored in Ekortiarsook</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Fog and rain</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Light northeast</i>

WOODY went ashore collecting early and found a dozen or so new species. He also reports some caribou tracks around a small lake set in an old cirque just back from the shore.

After breakfast, the wind being dead ahead, we steamed out and on up the bay. Two miles above our anchorage it turned a right





LOOKING UP NACHVAK FJORD



RIVER FLOWING INTO CHANCE LAKE  
NACHVAK FJORD



angle and then ended after a four mile straight stretch. As at Ryan's, the bay shoaled gradually and we anchored in 4 fathoms almost a mile from the shore. There were about half a dozen seal about and we amused ourselves taking pot shots at them until lunch.

Everybody but Terry and myself went ashore and each took a valley of which there are four. Bob and John fished. Bart walked along with Jack in a northerly direction. Olly went NW and Johnny W. Terry and I just finished up Jack's baking and washed the dishes. We then took a plankton haul with the help of the "Evinrude" and had only just finished when Woody came back having collected about all there was. The others straggled in until supper time having seen nothing but one red fox. Poor Johnny, who had taken the dory ashore as he was going to the opposite side from the others, found his boat high and dry. He claimed he did not want to take the responsibility of dragging it over the rocks to the water. Anyway four men went ashore and had some trouble carrying it the necessary 130 yards. This shows how much more tide there is here than below at Nachvak.

During the afternoon the fog had lifted a little but it was as bad as ever again this evening. As yet we have seen nothing higher than 1500 ft. in the bay. The clouds and mist have always covered the higher cliffs and hills. I noticed, however, that the country is more rolling and the hills more rounded. The rock also in places is light gray. There are also some of the same black patches. A very clear wave-cut terrace about 200 ft. high can be seen from the schooner.

Monday, August 30th	{	Position	Anchored in Ekortiarsook
		Weather	Fog and rain
		Wind	East

**F**OG, rain and east wind. How the weather can turn right back to an easterly after just getting over a spell of it, is hard to see. All hands spent the morning reading or chart making. At lunch time

things looked a bit better so we got the boats aboard and started out hoping to take a station half way out and then make an anchorage somewhere near the mouth of the bay before dark. But we must have used more gas than I thought getting here from Ryan's because the engine stopped just as we got past the "one illegitimate" place for a light house. John and Terry decided that, if Cape Horn was the "one legitimate" place for a light, why then the nubble of rock commanding the narrows halfway up the fjord would be the ideal spot for the "one illegitimate" place for one. There being no use of continuing beating across the bay, we hoisted the fore-sail and ran back to our anchorage of two nights ago.

The evening was enlivened by Bart and Olly offering to have their hair cut. Each member of the peak "staked out a claim" and as each had a different idea of a hair-cut, the heads of the rash victims assumed a piebald appearance. As Mack insisted on using the tin shears his portion of Bart's head (the back) was kind of a rough and ready job.

The day's run was six miles and in spite of two bottles of white wine at supper our outlook is none too hopeful. The barometer continues to rise slowly but steadily while the fog hangs on just as steadily. The wind is not strong but steadily blows from the north-east.

Talk around the supper table, reading, and then gun-cleaning completed the evening.

Tuesday, August 31st	{	Position	Anchored in Ekortiarsook
		Weather	Fog and rain
		Wind	East

WE found the weather still just the same on waking up so had breakfast before getting under way. We beat slowly out into the center of the bay and took a station. No water was found colder than  $1.1^{\circ}$  which is in great contrast to Nachvak for example. I



think the reasons are first that the whole bay is relatively shallow (30 fathoms) and the tide rise and fall relatively great (8 ft.). After the station we continued on and reached the mouth of the fjord, where it opens into a bay containing quantities of islands and shoals. There the wind left us completely just as I was beginning to have hopes of getting on to Eclipse as the visibility was as much as two miles. Since this was our most northern point ( $60^{\circ}$  N) Bart and Olly and then John alone went swimming or rather they jumped overboard. They came up rather like an oar which has been thrown downward, that is, they rose up out of the same spot they landed on and very quickly.

The tide carried us out quite fast and I had hopes of making the anchorage out near the cape which Woody pointed out from the rigging on our way in, but the fog shut in very thick and there was nothing to do but run back to the cove near the mouth of the fjord. The cove is open to the NE but an island two miles off protects it from this direction.

The weather is worse than ever tonight with no sign of a let-up in sight. The barometer remains steady. How it can clear without blowing hard I can't see.

Never having seen higher than 1000 ft. because of clouds and mist, it is a little hard to get a real impression of the district. One thing is certain, there is no more soil here than at Nachvak, and although Woody got new plants, the vegetation was naturally more scanty even in the valleys.

Wednesday, September 1st	{	Position	Anchored in Ekortiarsook
		Weather	Fog and rain
		Wind	East

**W**EATHER worse than ever. This was the day I had set for starting home. If we were only outside and clear of all the ledges we would be making good time as the wind is strong even in here.

There was nothing to do aboard the schooner but read. All the rigging has been gone over and as much stuff stowed in the hold as we have room for. I have been reading Woody's Geology book and find it most interesting. When I get back I must look into it a bit more carefully as he leaves the reasons for some of his theories a bit in the dark.

The afternoon was passed just about the same. Towards supper time we began to play bridge and Olly and I managed to clean up a picked team from the peak which was particularly gratifying as they have been pretty loud in praise of their brand of playing.

We broke out some wine after supper and it produced a several hour talk on the peculiarities of our respective families. Drunken uncles were the most numerous. A surprising number of cousins are married to chorus girls.

Writing and gun-cleaning passed the remainder of the time before bed. Jack was the first to notice the change in the weather about nine o'clock and we all rushed on deck and were much pleased to see that the fog had practically disappeared. Each one went to bed swearing to be the first one awake in the morning (the alarm having been used in the construction of the current-meter). Somehow we all overslept as it was after five before I got up. I tried my usual method of waking up the peak, that is pumping on the windlass. As usual Bart and Terry came up together, the first because he wears nothing, and the second because he takes off nothing. The "engineer" followed shortly, while little Johnny struggled up rubbing his eyes and struggling with his great pants which cover his chest when in place. Jordan made a great show of yelling that someone had taken his boots and strangely they had.

Thursday, September 2nd	{	Position	Start for home
		Weather	Clear
		Wind	Light northerly to calm

WITH just a breath of air and a strong following tide we drifted out among the islands. By breakfast time we were rounding the Cape and heading south. The roll slatted what little was left of the northeaster out of our sails but we slipped along somehow and got to Eclipse about ten o'clock. Just before lunch, while passing the SE point Anlakivik Island, we got in mighty shoal water ( $3\frac{1}{2}$  fathoms). The swell was very heavy and it is a wonder that it did not drop us onto the bottom. While trying to run across to Ryan's Bay, we were at last left without steerage way. I suggested to Bob to try the engine and with what little gas must have settled into the pipe to work in close to the land where there might be some air. Bob started the engine and it ran for six full hours. Somehow gas had gotten into the lower port tank. I think that it must have come in slowly from the full tank and since the valve was almost closed, was not used as fast as the gas in the open tank. By this bit of luck we reached White Bear Cape just after dark. The run down the shore was most exciting. It being clear, the land looked entirely different from when we came up. There being more swell we saw many more breaking patches. We came across Seven Island Bay by a much more direct route than the fishermen use and as we never got less than 12 fathoms I imagine it is a perfectly safe one.

After dark we half drifted and half sailed along the coast and somehow or other were off Blow-me-down Mountain in the morning. Without the gas we would have taken a whole other day to get clear of the shoals and ledges north of White Bear Cape.

Friday, September 3rd	{	Position	Off Cape Mugford
		Weather	Clear
		Wind	Light westerly

**D**URING the morning we kept our steerage way but little more. I took a plankton haul as we were crossing Seglek Bay. It was lovely and clear and we had one glorious last look at the Torngats.

There was not a bit of wind all afternoon but the current kept up its steady two knots. At four we started oiling and putting away the wire. We let it go out slowly over the stern cleaning it as it went with kerosene. Then we hauled up slowly with two fellows wiping it dry, one putting on grease, one oiling while Terry worked the winch and Olly with great skill guided the wire getting it wound on the drum almost perfectly. The whole operation lasted two hours and a half and I am satisfied we did a great job. As the Newfoundlanders say, "She never *will* rust, Mister."

By evening we were off Watchman's Island and the snow on Cape Mugford showed up clearly. One interesting point is that we drift about twice as fast as the bergs, which shows that the strength of the current is near the surface. I imagine that all the surface drift is caused by the NE winds of last week. The storm must have been worse down here than we got it. In the first place the sea is still very lumpy and again there is much more snow on the hills.

After midnight we had a nice breeze off shore giving us a steady 5 knots. The morning watch was calm but Saddle Island was in sight by breakfast and thanks to the current the day's run was 80 miles.



<i>Saturday, September 4th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Nearing Cape Harrison</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Very clear</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Strong northwester</i>

THE early morning was terribly lumpy. We gradually drifted down closer to Saddle Island while the seas raised the very devil with the rigging. It was a clear, lovely morning yet because of the slatting it was no pleasure to be on deck. I am sure there was some wind all the time yet because of the swell we were stem to our course most of the time.

Just at lunch time a first class northwester sprang up and we went flying down a long string of bergs plenty fast enough to suit everyone. We held the light sails on her the first hour or two, but then the wind began to blow the tops off the waves so we reduced to our four lowers and went just as fast. We hauled the log every hour getting  $9\frac{1}{2}$  knots regularly, but as the wind was continually letting up and then blowing in great puffs, I am sure we were doing eleven at times. About four it began to get rougher and one sea came down the after companionway. If we could only hold a breeze like this for 24 hours we could make a great run and wipe out our low average of the last few days. But at dark the wind slackened and we averaged about 6 miles all night. Perhaps this was just as well as there was more ice around than we have seen for a long time. One thing we noticed which helped a lot. All the small pieces which break off float out in a line to leeward. The large bergs are easy enough to see and by always passing to windward we escaped a lot of the small stuff. We had three men on all night, two forward on look-out.

In the morning Cape Makkovick was ahead and I was well enough satisfied with the run to forget the loss of our old log which was carried away by a small piece of ice.

<i>Sunday, September 5th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Off Cape Kikkertaksook</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Cloudy</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>None</i>

ALL the morning and early afternoon was calm but our good friend the current carried us along slowly down through a great fleet of bergs. Three fishermen were visible sneaking along close to the shore. It was strange to see the wireless mast on the hill. Fortunately it was Sunday so we did not have to think of even trying to get in.

Jack tried "fisherman's brew" for lunch. This consists of hard bread boiled with bits of pork. It had no taste at all. Some tried it as a cereal putting sugar on it, others used salt and pepper and even mustard. To please Jack we threw half of it overboard while he was not looking. They feed the Newfoundland sealing crews almost entirely on this stuff as they have only one cook for 150 men. It certainly is filling but a bit too much like slops.

During the afternoon I lost my fountain pen overboard while shifting over the jib sheet. The pennant for the boom-tackle also slipped over so it has been a record day for "casualties." It was sunny and almost warm most of the day and everybody sat around the deck reading.

During the early evening we drifted down through the thickest ice we have ever been through yet. As we never had control of the schooner it was very exciting trying to keep from drifting onto the bergs. At one time we were twenty feet away from a large one.

Before midnight we sailed two miles. Whoever told us to expect strong westerly gales all September could never have been here. Dull, overcast calms more nearly describe the last few days. I got particularly discouraged this evening with our progress.

The middle watch sailed four miles but the rest of the night we drifted in "spirals."



SKIPPER CLIMBING OUT  
OF THE FJORD





<i>Monday, September 6th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Nearing Hamilton Inlet</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Clear</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Almost none</i>

OUR drift has now become very much slower. I should say that during the whole day the current did not average over  $\frac{1}{2}$  a knot. Until three in the afternoon there was not a "breath." As there were many birds and several whales playing around, Olly's pistol was in almost constant use. It is very good practice. The water is warm here ( $8^{\circ}$ ) and the ice is not so thick. I can well see now that we picked a very poor place to take current readings. The current strikes Cape Makkovick and is thrown out and must be 15 miles off shore at this point. A little ice drifts in and grounds because of NE winds.

From three o'clock until supper time we made about 2 knots an hour with a light southeaster. The wind then hauled to SW and we had to tack off shore to clear the islands which extend seaward from the north side of Hamilton Inlet. For a while we did 4 knots and I went to sleep expecting a good run, having given elaborate instructions as to how to cross Hamilton Inlet. At one o'clock we passed the "Quaker's Hat." After daylight we beat up to Cutthroat Tackle, as I was resolved to send a telegram no matter how much time it took.

It was interesting to see in the early morning a lot of bergs grounded on a bank ten miles out and none drifted down in behind the way we came. This supports very nicely my theory of the Labrador Current being well off shore in the neighborhood of Hamilton Inlet.

At four o'clock we passed some fishermen jigging way off shore. The fishing with traps must have been very poor for them to be reduced to such a method.

<i>Tuesday, September 7th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Cross Hamilton Inlet</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Cloudy</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Southwest</i>

WHILE beating through Cutthroat Teckle a little yawl passed us going north. She was evidently not a fisherman as she was painted black and carried no boats. Although we could not see her name I think she must have been one of Dr. Grenfell's boats. One thing that leads me to believe that she came from no great distance was that she had her engine going with a nice following wind.

At eleven we went ashore at Smoky to send telegrams. It is a great relief to have it over with as I am sure families have started worrying. As a matter of fact we are only about one day behind schedule but it is a month and four days since they heard from us last.

During the afternoon we beat down to George Island. The weather being so bad, head wind and rain, I decided to anchor for the night. Being badly in need of water, we took the boats ashore with the "Risk" acting as tug. Only one small trickle of water empties into the bay. This came out across a sandy beach at the very back of the harbor. We had a terrible time even filling two kegs. The water had to be carried across the sand for fifty yards and there was considerable surf through which the boats had to be launched again. Luckily the "Evinrude" started first crack and we were soon clear of the breakers. It was dark when we got back to the schooner.

The evening was passed very pleasantly with the help of brandy and champagne. Terry and I had considerable trouble getting the crew to bed. In fact it was one o'clock before everything was quiet. At five Woody, Terry and myself got the schooner under way and headed down the shore with a light westerly.

Wednesday, September 8th	{	Position	<i>Off Sandwich Bay</i>
		Weather	<i>Clear to cloudy</i>
		Wind	<i>Light northerly</i>

THE morning was mostly calm but by sailing hard we reached Stag Island by eleven. There we fell in with some fishermen. Just as we had changed our course to run over near them, Johnny by mistake threw Woody's oiler coat overboard. We had to execute a most undignified maneuver to recover it. The fishermen must have thought us queer anyway because Johnny insisted on having me throw sea water on him. The crew of all four schooners enjoyed this greatly. Even with the wind very light we pulled away and soon instead of following them, they were strung out behind us. After lunch some fog set in. I made my course for Tinker's Island but the fishermen, following their first boat, went a little inshore. When the fog lifted I was on the course and they had to head up and follow me. I imagine that their compass was not too good.

After five o'clock the wind freshened and we soon had a five mile lead. A nice breeze took us through Gready Run and luckily there was just daylight enough for us to pass behind Wolf Islands thereby saving fifteen miles. Since it clouded over, darkness set in early, but as the wind freshened all hands looked forward to a fine night's run. Although no ice had been seen to speak of during the day, I was afraid that once outside the islands we would find it again. We therefore had three on watch during the night. Strangely enough the only piece we saw we hit square on. Olly claims it was ten feet across. Anyway it was large enough to cause the schooner to raise. It flew into a hundred pieces which passed mostly under the keel. As luck would have it, we hit just at the time that one man was below making toast for the middle watch and while the man forward was relieving the third man at the wheel.

The wind slackened gradually during the early morning, but even so we had made a good day's run.

<i>Thursday, September 9th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Off Battle Harbor</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Cloudy with some fog</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Light and variable</i>

A MOST discouraging day. Nothing but the current to help us along. About ten o'clock we made out the islands near Battle Harbor ahead but all day long we had to sit watching the whales as we just crawled along. It soon became a race between us and six o'clock. Without the "Evinrude" we would have lost, but by taking the dory in tow and leaving the schooner off Great Island we were ashore by five-thirty. There we found a huge pile of mail and some telegrams. I bought a drum of gasoline and some butter. A man called Austen came up and introduced himself. He said he was a zoologist and had been studying the birds of the coast. Apparently he had been looking most of the summer for us and we being in such a great hurry had to run off without hardly saying a word to him. The harbor was crammed full of "green fishers" (14 of them) and one Norwegian tramp steamer which had come to buy fish from the "liveres." The fishing had been a failure and neither steamer or schooners had any fish to speak of. They were all much surprised to learn that the boats from Seglek north had done so well. The harbor being so very small and filled with such extraordinary old boats, it was quite a sight especially from the hill near the wireless station. The captain of the tramp steamer was tremendously fat and had a small rat-like dog. They both were parading up and down the pier. I imagine there is little work to do with the fishing so poor.

We cleared out and were soon aboard the "Chance." Bob soon had some gas in the tanks and we steamed off, the deck in complete confusion as everyone sat reading his mail. Even Jack nearly spoiled



our supper as he sat on the swill-bucket before his stove with one eye on his letters and the other on the "salt-horse." Remarkable to say Jack had more letters than anyone else.

During the night we made some 25 miles in a thick fog with occasional light southerly winds bringing rain. Morning found us half way through the Straits.

<i>Friday, September 10th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Straits of Belle Isle</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Cloudy and thick</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Strong westerly</i>

BY running the motor for four hours in the morning and by the help of a light easterly during the rest of the time, we reached Amour Point and the wrecked British battleship by three o'clock. We again had to start the motor and I was just beginning to think that we would have to use all our gas very early in our passage to Sydney, when suddenly the wind sprang up from the west good and strong. There being a strong current in that part of the Strait, tide lop soon formed and before we knew it we were beating into a strong wind and going against a nasty sea. The fog which had been present most of the day, cleared off at last and I went on the port tack hoping to fetch into Blank Sablon for the night. The glass was low and it looked like a miserable night. But when we neared the shore the fog came in worse than ever and I soon saw it was hopeless. So we took a sounding (30) fathoms and tacked. The wind then let up and because of the sea we got nowhere. After dark we went better, getting clear of most of the lop and the wind coming strong again. It also soon cleared off making visible three lights in quick succession. A very large steamer passed outward bound. As we had no lights, I wonder what the men on watch thought they saw tossing about on the waves. After the middle watch had come on, the wind hauled NW and I went to bed expecting a good night's

run. Sad to say it soon shifted back to W and we could hardly lay our course. Leeway caused by our heavy pitching soon had us way in shore. We passed Ferolle Point but daylight found us much too close to the islands in St. John's Bay. Again we had to tack off shore. By breakfast time we were off a low, unattractive island called Flat Island.

I had expected that we would have trouble driving her to windward in such a breeze and had been prepared to run back through the Straits. We were, therefore, well satisfied with the night's work although it was only about 25 miles.

Saturday, September 11th	{	Position	Anchor at Hawk's Harbor
		Weather	Clear
		Wind	Fresh westerly

OUR day's sail was very miserable indeed, yet it was such a fight from start to finish that we were rather proud of it when it was done. All morning we beat up towards Point Rich and all afternoon we beat back and forth trying to weather the shoals which lay off its end. The wind was WSW and good and strong. There was also a strong current against us. About eleven we took in the foresail and she made better weather of it, especially after we started the mainsheet. It was a great sight to see her stick her nose into one and the water would come rushing aft. First it would strike the water-butts and be thrown up in the air, then it would rush along the cabin house, half landing in the dory and the other half rushing under the skiff only to reappear aft much diminished by the excellent work of the scuppers. This continual sticking her nose into the seas not only slowed us up but the peak got very wet owing to water leaking down the forward hatch. Our main difficulty lay in the fact that the seas were coming from the SW while the wind was WSW. One

tack therefore went well enough but the other was terribly slow. Our day's run was 12 miles.

It was great fun when I gave the word to slack the sheets on weathering the point. How she did go. John and Terry were jubilant owing to the mainsail being covered with seaweed which flew up with the spray. Every half hour Jack would appear on deck only to get drenched with spray much to the amusement of all hands who were having their own troubles keeping dry.

We ran into Hawks Harbor all too soon and anchored in the quietness of the woods which surround the little bay. The "Evinrude" was sent ashore to look for water and found a very good place nearby. By supper time five kegs had been filled and some work done on the rigging.

We were a tired looking bunch after supper. Several fell asleep without even getting off their clothes. As the Newfoundlanders would say, "It was a hard looking old day, Mister, and she got druv something wonderful."

<i>Sunday, September 12th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Off Hawk's Bay</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Very clear</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Fresh westerly</i>

STILL blowing strongly from the west but as the day is so wonderful, we decided to have a try at it. It took over an hour to get everything lashed securely or stowed in its proper place. We then put a reef in the mainsail and hoisted the jib and were off. While the water was more or less smooth she went beautifully but fifteen miles off shore we met a nasty lop and for the rest of the day hardly moved. It was such a wonderful day for a sail that nobody minded the fact that if anything we were going away from home. It was necessary to stand well off shore before tacking as we had to be ready to meet even stronger wind. Jack did not like our going out at all and kept

saying, "I'll be damned if I'da gone out and me with breads into it," meaning that he was trying to bake.

Towards lunch time we had to take in the foresail. Her decks were always covered with water and she lay on her side and got nowhere. The question then came should we stick it out or run back to the harbor. Jack was strong for running in but for once my judgment proved to be right, for about ten o'clock the wind hauled NW and we made a good night's run. A large bank of clouds which moved up from the NW during the afternoon was what I had my hopes in.

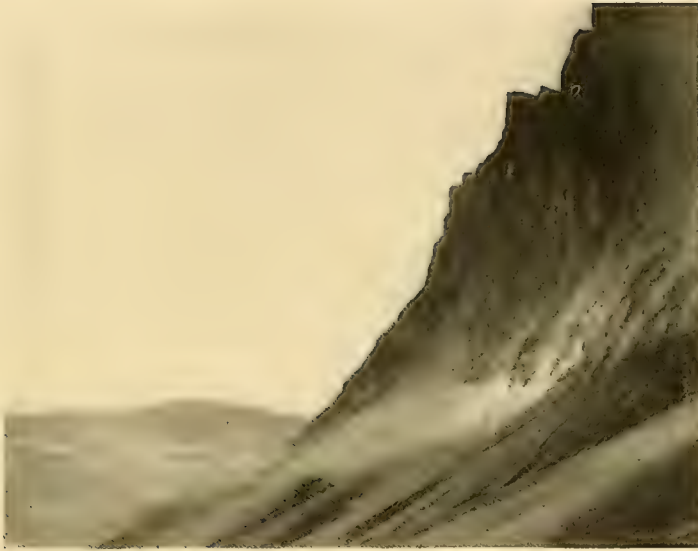
It was interesting to watch her go to windward under just jib and reefed mainsail. I think we could work off a leeshore in any kind of a wind with that rig. The only question would be if the jib could stand the strain. By evening we were over 20 miles off shore and during the late afternoon we had made little effort to drive her off further, merely laying around waiting for a shift of wind.

By a little care we had kept all water out of the peak so all hands had a good night. By morning we were 50 miles from Hawks Bay and I could kid Jack by asking him where we would be if we had run back to the harbor.

<i>Monday, September 13th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Off Stearing Island</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Hazy</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Light southerly</i>

**R**AN the engine for an hour when our gas gave out. Of the tank we bought at Battle Harbor we have lost about 20 gallons. Bob had taken the connection of the upper starboard tank off to clean it and in the rough weather with the pitching and great angle of heel, a good deal of it got away, before we noticed it. It is a shame as it was calm all day long. We were off Cow Head all day and got pretty sick of seeing it. The afternoon was cloudy with some fog.





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However, the barometer dropped one of John's "quick inches" and about four the wind began to come from the ENE. It came slowly but we could all see it meant business. First it rained a lot but then it freshened and wing and wing we began to tear off the miles to Sydney. According to schedule we should be reaching Sydney this evening and it is still 250 miles away. But we have gotten every possible mile out of the weather and one must be patient.

During the early evening we raced a small steamer but he quit after a while running into Bonne Bay. With the water so smooth we made excellent time and this pleased the "Engineer" so much that he stayed up in the rain two hours after his watch was over. By midnight the rain was over but great dark clouds were flying from the NE and they looked as if they had lots of "druv into them." At two we had to jibe, the wind having hauled slightly to the NE. Olly went down to wake the two Johns as they had no watch tonight and we needed help. He was particularly careful not to make any noise, yet Terry was on deck before he was through waking the others. A night like this he simply will not sleep. All hands had a mug-up and smoke from two to three in the galley.

Morning found us nearing Cape St. George. It had meanwhile gotten rough and Jack had his usual little speech, "You'd better get the mainsail off before she trips." We had no trouble steering at all. A spoke either way would always correct her, which is really remarkable for a schooner running wing and wing.

Tuesday, September 14th	{	Position	Off Cape Anguille
		Weather	Clear
		Wind	Strong northerly

IT took us most of the morning to get rid of Cape St. George. Everybody enjoyed the crisp autumn weather. In spite of the fact that the schooner rolled quite a bit, it was not uncomfortable sailing.

I think we had a head current, perhaps the same that was so noticeable back at Rich Point. After lunch our old friend, Cape Anguille, came in sight. This time it looked low and insignificant. Two years ago this was the highest land we had ever seen. We ran along close to shore and Jack pointed out a strip of farm land where a Scotch colony had firmly established themselves. They were so busy farming that not a man owned a boat. The railroad is here 20 miles inland so the settlement is quite isolated.

Cape Ray was abeam at six o'clock and soon the Cabot Strait swell was very evident. We changed our course for Sydney and could then carry the stay-sail. "Speedwell's gear" which John had so boldly set on deck in the morning "stayed onto her" and we were soon a "three-masted vessel" carrying everything we had.

The moon came up after supper and all hands sat on deck enjoying a delightful evening sail. Back in Labrador this would have been almost impossible because of the cold. Either we are so dirty that the cold no longer can penetrate or it is very much warmer.

During the night the wind hauled to the NW, but we still kept up our steady seven knots until daylight. The morning watch then got badly fooled, for the wind headed us quickly and before long we were beating up to Sydney harbor with only a light westerly.

A day and a half from Bonne Bay to Sydney was a run to be proud of and all hands were eager to get ashore.

Wednesday, September 15th	{	Position	Sydney
		Weather	Clear
		Wind	Light northwest

THE whole morning was perfectly calm and work as we would we could not get up the harbor. Finally somebody suggested rowing up to the town and bringing gas back. This worked very well and we were tied up to Leonard's Oil dock by twelve-thirty.



It must have seemed very strange to those who saw Olly and Bart stripped to the waist, apparently rowing in from the open sea in a small skiff.

Of course it was Wednesday and many of the stores closed in the afternoon so we could not get everything. However, we got any amount of eggs and fresh vegetables and meat and 150 gallons of imperial gas. The Scotchman who sells gasoline was just as cheerful and nice as ever. A French beam trawler was in off the banks and most of the "Chance's" crew were taken for Frenchmen, I suppose because of dirt and strange "fit-outs." The "double-ender" which McKay built after the "Chance" was at the next dock and left for Halifax about the same time as we steamed out.

Just before dark we went through the narrows and after supper had a short, nearly perfect moonlight sail up the "Arm." But the wind gave out and we continued steaming until midnight when we were just entering the "lake." Bob and Bart made the mistake of keeping down too far to the left and just after the engine was stopped we barged up on a shoal. Mac and I tried several times during the night to get her off with the engine but she was on too hard. The wind remained too light to cause her to heel sufficiently. At daylight we got an anchor out with a long line on it. All hands hove on the windlass and she finally came off just when I was giving up all hope. It was a great sight to see Mac tapping the line to see how much more strain it would stand. We must have had a pull of 2 tons on it. Anyway, we ended up with a lot more line than we started with. I think we have now tried out all the practical methods of getting a boat off a shoal. I hope we will not have to put ballast ashore on our next encounter with the bottom.

<i>Thursday, September 16th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Bras d'Or Lakes</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Clear to cloudy</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Light easterly</i>

JUST after breakfast we passed under the railroad bridge and steamed out across the larger lake. I went to sleep having been up all last night. When I awoke we were almost at the Canal. However I saw enough of the narrows to remind me of its beauties. It being noon time we had to wait until after lunch to get through the locks but as we were the only boat there was little delay once the men were back.

During the afternoon we steamed out towards Canso. What few puffs there were came from the SE but we did not even bother to get the sails up until four o'clock. Mac and I put the beef barrel and an empty water keg below so now one side of our deck is entirely clear.

We had the same old trouble rounding Canso Head and almost ran onto the breaking patch off the light. If the tide is against you it will set you on the shore at a surprising rate. There were still five or six sword-fishermen out cruising around. They certainly had a perfect day for it. We did not see any of them make a catch.

By supper time the breeze amounted to something and we moved along pretty well with everything set and the wind aft of the beam. At eight White Head was abeam. As the barometer had been falling we were looking for a breeze and sure enough it came. All night long we ran the buoys off the coast making excellent time. The watches averaged about 32 miles each.

Sometime in the early morning the stay-sail got on the wrong side of the foresail and began to chafe on the peak blocks. Bob woke me up saying there was a small rip. Before I could get on deck it split from top to bottom. If Bob had only known enough to let go the peak halyard the sail would have been saved but not knowing what to do he just stood there watching it rip.

Meanwhile the wind was plenty strong enough to have the stay-sail in and we were off Egg Rock.

Friday, September 17th	{	Position	Anchor at Shelburne
		Weather	Cloudy
		Wind	Strong easterly

**B**Y breakfast time it was quite rough. Yet even so, Olly and I did 41 miles in the morning watch. This breaks all records. Nobody even contested our claim. Halifax Lightship had a riding sail up and was plunging into the swells in good style. A passing steamer bound in for Halifax only went about two knots faster than we. About noon, when we were flying along wing and wing, a sea broke on our quarter. As both the hatch and the skylight to the after cabin were open, Olly's bunk became filled with green water and the after cabin required bailing. Our greatest trouble was to keep the sails wing and wing. The foresail had a vicious tendency to jibe.

After lunch the swells got very heavy indeed. Jack claimed he had never seen them so big. The rollers were very far apart and came in from the ESE. I am sure the breaking seas were more than 40 ft. high. At times the schooner seemed to stand on end. Our decks remained surprisingly free from water. Nobody wore oilers through pride of the schooner but I will have to admit that both my boots filled and I went under several times to the waist.

At four, the wind having hauled towards the north, it became necessary to jibe. We took the topmast runner off and with a sickening feeling I saw both masts start towards the bow. They looked for all the world like the "Flapper's" stick when we forgot the back-stay while jibing. Maybe I didn't yell to get the crew busy taking the mainsail off. Just after they got the boom-tackle off, the boat gave an extra heavy roll burying the whole outer half of the boom. This pulled the jaws of the mast. John by some quick work with the

pump handle managed to get them back in place and we let go both halyards and down the sail came in good style. In ten minutes it was bound up and lashed steady. I could then breathe again. Our trouble was only too evident. The stays on the mainmast were hanging in coils on the deck. The runner had been holding the rig steady and once it was off, every plunge of the boat was reflected in a sweep forward of the mast-heads. The wind must have been a lot heavier than I thought. Once the mainsail was in, nearly all the strain was removed and we had no trouble in jibing back the fore-sail. The try-sail was then set and the jib hoisted and our course laid for where I thought Hope Island ought to lie.

While Mac got busy fixing the jaws of the main boom, Olly and I took up the turnbuckles of the main rigging. At supper time Hope Island came in sight. I was pretty glad to see it as after steering various courses for 64 miles, our position was a bit uncertain. The surf around the light was the grandest sight imaginable. The tremendous power of the breaking seas was shown by the fact that solid water was often hurled as high as the light itself (100 ft. above high water). With our short rig it was necessary to tack down wind. Shortly after dark Lockport Light came in sight and we ran to pick up Cape Buenavista. At eleven I began to get worried. Cape Negro (below Shelburne) was clearly visible, yet the only light in the direction of Shelburne harbor was a 6 second light which soon proved to be the fairway buoy. Reasonably sure of our position and well lighted by a bright moon, we ran in and soon saw the tall tower on McNutt Island, for all the world like a lighted cigarette. The light was out of order and the keeper had a small lantern up in the tower.

The run up the mouth of the harbor was thrilling to say the least. On both sides of us great seas seemed to break right into the woods. The spray, lit up by the moon, flew away up the shore in among the pine trees. As we had to keep one sea outside the breakers all the way in, it was no place for a timid man at the wheel.



Off Sandy Point we had to start the motor to steam the rest of the way up to Shelburne. Like all heavy storms the wind hardly penetrated inland at all. We finally anchored at two o'clock.

<i>Saturday, September 18th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Off Cape Sable</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Clear</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Light northeast</i>

WE were ashore before nine and found old man McKay and d'Entremont on the dock. They were very surprised at seeing us as they thought we never would have been out yesterday. All the sail-maker said was, "Hard old skipper!" But he was mighty pleased that it was Beckman's sail which blew out and not his. Everyone said they had never heard the surf so distinctly before. Possibly the wind carried the noise up to the town extra well, yet everyone we saw spoke of it and said it could be heard even indoors all last night and the nearest breakers were six miles away. This pleased me a lot as now I know the "Chance" can run before anything. It blew harder when we were off Cape Harrison, but I am sure the seas were not as large. There must have been a whale of a storm somewhere.

Old "Silent John" was full of a story about the fishing schooners during a storm early in August. Two Lunenberg vessels were lost and 45 men drowned, but a schooner, built by McKay, ran across a "gulley in the bar" (on Sable Island Bank) and got clear away to the open sea. Everything movable was swept off her deck and the whole crew was in the rigging except the man at the wheel "and half the time they didn't know whether there was a vessel under them or not."

We got away about eleven and while running down the harbor took off the topsail which is slightly ripped and doesn't fit anyway. Mac and John got started sewing on the stay-sail which will require a lot of work. The surf on Cape Buenavista was still very heavy. I

hope my pictures will come out as otherwise nobody will believe that I saw the spray fly 120 ft. in the air.

Outside the wind was still light and from the NE. At four we were off Brazil Rock which we saw breaking for the first time. During the night we made a steady  $4\frac{1}{2}$  knots.

Sunday, September 19th	{	Position	Crossing to Gulf of Maine
		Weather	Clear
		Wind	Light northerly to calm

ALL day we continued at a steady  $4\frac{1}{2}$  knots with a light northerly wind and a fast subsiding swell. Mac and I were kept busy sewing at the stay-sail. We no sooner had it finished when the wind dropped out and we had to take to the engine.

The only interruption we had was about four o'clock in the afternoon when a fisherman passed us under power and on about the same course. Even with the help of his engine he only passed us slowly.

Jack spent the day hard at work cleaning, first the galley, and then the after cabin. Some effort was made to get our belongings packed up but it is hard to believe that the trip is nearly over. Everybody is now giving Jack their old clothes and he gravely packs them away no matter how badly torn they are.

At supper time we started the engine and ran it steadily all night. A full moon made the ocean almost as light as day, since the oily surface reflected so much of the light. At nine we passed a fisherman hove-to, apparently fishing. This might put us on Cashes Ledge, but my calculations of our speed put us some ten miles further back. After midnight we passed two more fishermen outward bound, I suppose from Commonwealth pier.

I began noticing our language today. Mac asked somebody for "one of those foreign-built patents" and without hesitation he was



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given a cigarette. I really believe that anybody on hearing us talk would think us crazy. Every other word is one which has been coined in the last three months. All the old Newfoundland favorites are used constantly, "My dear man," "wonderful," "druv," "Look out of the way o' we."

<i>Monday, September 20th</i>	{	<i>Position</i>	<i>Anchor at Boston</i>
		<i>Weather</i>	<i>Mostly fog</i>
		<i>Wind</i>	<i>Light southerly</i>

I OVERSLEPT and on getting up met with the rolled oats and scrambled eggs which Jack had so kindly saved for me. After cutting away the skin which had formed to a leather-like consistency, I was not really able to appreciate the interior. Besides the engine was still running and a heavy fog had set in. A little breeze from the S gave promise of nothing. After lunch my spirits picked up a bit as the sun began to burn off the fog. Soon we could actually see three miles. Two soundings taken six miles apart told us nothing. An outward bound steamer proved we were probably heading for Boston. Meanwhile we steamed hour after hour and it was more and more evident that I must have exaggerated our run of the last 36 hours.

Johnny, while sleeping on deck near the foremast, met with an accident this morning. The anchor hook was inserted in the back of his pants and before he knew it he was hoisted half way up the mast. Just before his pants and underdrawers gave way he managed to grab the rigging and thus escaped further hoisting.

I passed a miserable afternoon, my reputation as a navigator being at stake. Feeling that we were in home waters I had not looked at a chart since Shelburne. While crossing the Gulf of Maine I had changed courses several times for no particular reason and then as luck would have it we were running towards Boston in a fog with

no log out. Imagine my surprise (and everyone else's) when at six we sighted Boston Light. It was then an easy matter to steam up the harbor and find the anchorage off City Point. All hands went ashore, some to go home and others to telephone. We sat around the deck half the night much too excited to sleep. There we were after a five thousand mile sail and nobody particularly glad it was over.

Newspapers, ice-cream sodas, trolley cars and boys on roller skates all reminded us of the winter ahead. After three months of perfect companionship and a life without worries the change to a big city is too sudden. Someone should be stationed a hundred miles off shore to put aboard copies of the Boston Advertiser and thus remind the sailor of everything unpleasant he will have to face on re-entering civilization.











